

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## HIS MAJESTY, BABY

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### EXCELSIOR

#### NEW HEIGHT FOR THE MONKS OF ST BERNARD

##### Shelter For Travellers on Tibet's Frozen Peaks

#### A GOOD DEED IN A FAR PLACE

The pious monks of St Bernard, as we announced some months ago, are to write another page in their thousand years history of succour to those in need.

It will be written in the inhospitable heights of frozen Tibet in Asia. The story of the adventures of the monks who surveyed the route in Tibet is a thrilling one.

In that region, more desolate by far than any traveller's way in Switzerland, the Si-la Pass on the border of Szechwan and Tibet is trodden every year by thousands of pilgrims. On them in the inhospitable months sweep devastating blizzards and snowstorms. These are not the only dangers that threaten, for brigands of the border prey on pilgrims and travellers alike.

#### Perils of the Enterprise

It is here the monks of St Bernard are to build their new hospice.

The story of the journey of the first two monks to the site of the hospice that is to be built reveals some of the needs and dangers of the enterprise. To examine the chosen place in the Si-la Pass they had to travel 1500 miles on horseback, or skis, or on foot. It was the first time Brother Coquoz or Brother Melly had bestridden a horse.

The steeds they bought for thirty shillings apiece were not very suited to sedate clericals, but this was the least of their troubles. They began the journey with an escort of Chinese soldiers, and these fled at the first sight of brigands. Happily the monks were of sterner stuff, and the brigands, after colloquy with them, agreed to recognise them as holy men. Brigands and monks travelled together, and the brigands treated the strangers well.

#### Among Fallen Avalanches

Two months of travelling in this fashion and they arrived at Tseku, on the headwaters of the Mekong, which flows here from the great Asiatic plateau through a gorge and finds its way to the South China Sea. They crossed the high mountain range which separates this river from the Yangtze-kang and approached the Si-la Pass at nearly 11,000 feet. There was the place for their hospice.

But they had still to climb, and now must take to their skis for traversing the winter snows. The native guides had never seen a ski, and could not learn. The monks, not to be outdone, found a young French priest who spoke Tibetan and knew the way, and taught him to ski.

Now they were on their way. But when they put on their skis for the last

### Over the Hills and Far Away



Ramblers everywhere will be hoping for fine weather during the Easter holidays, for this is an ideal time for long country walks. This photograph was taken at High Beech in Essex.

part of the ascent a thaw set in and rain began to fall. They had to camp among fallen avalanches.

But on they went, through fog and blizzard and hail, now roping themselves together, now stopping to shiver in their wet clothes through the night. Gales bore down on them; they had to cut their way through a forest of bamboo half-buried in the snow. They used their last matches in the vain attempt to light a fire.

But at last they arrived, their survey was made, their task fulfilled, their journey done; and the upshot of all their trials and travels is that the Great St Bernard Hospice in Switzerland has decided that the place they reached with such toil and determination is the place where a new St Bernard Hospice shall be built.

On that distant eminence, far remote from the haunts and towns of men, the monks will give the same succour to travellers in the East as in the West.

### SOMETHING GOOD FROM EVIL

Wherever Chinese are settled in America feuds have for years been likely to break out at a moment's notice, for reasons which have always seemed mysterious to the white man. The chief disputants in these conflicts were the two rival gangs, Hip Sing and On Leong.

News comes from New York that this old enmity between the two groups of Chinese has been buried "for the duration." As long as China is in dire difficulties her sons on foreign soil intend to pull together and joint proposals issue from the two groups, united in the Patriotic League of Chinese, concerning ways and means to help their country.

At the first meeting of this new society it was decided to begin at once to raise the money that will eventually be needed to rebuild Chapei, the part of Shanghai which has been destroyed by Japanese bombing.

### HELEN KELLER'S FRIEND

#### WOMAN WHO DID WHAT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE

#### Why a University Has Honoured Anne Sullivan Macy

#### TOUCH OF THE FINGER-TIP

When, last year, Helen Keller was given an honorary degree at Temple University in America it was hoped that her friend and teacher, Mrs Anne Macy, would also accept a degree. But she declined, saying that she did not feel her education called for such an honour.

Those who know her story know otherwise, and they will be glad to hear that she has been persuaded to visit Temple University and receive the highest honour it can award her.

Her story is linked with that of Helen Keller, the scholar who is both blind and deaf, and who, but for Anne Macy, would also be dumb.

#### The Water in the Mug

When Helen was seven Anne Sullivan was twenty, doing splendid work at the Boston Institute for the Blind. It was Dr Graham Bell who suggested that Helen's father should write to the Institute for a teacher.

Anne Sullivan was sent, and she found a small unruly girl, blind and deaf and dumb. In a month Helen knew thirty words, taught by the touch of the older girl's fingers. Then came the more difficult task of combining words.

One day Anne tried to teach the child that water was in her mug. She knew the word mug, but did not understand the rest. In despair Anne led her pupil into the garden, and there she had the idea of sprinkling water from the pump on the child's hand. Again she spelled out w-a-t-e-r with her finger-tips, and suddenly the child understood. From that day the little sullen girl has been alive with eager curiosity.

#### Learning to Speak

When she was eight Anne achieved the impossible by teaching the blind and deaf child to speak. Pressing her sensitive finger-tips to the throat of her teacher Helen mastered the sounds, first of consonants, then vowels and syllables.

Since that day Helen Keller has talked to many of the greatest scholars in the world, and they have been proud to listen to her. She has mastered more knowledge than most women, and she has written books which have put heart and courage into lives vastly less handicapped than her own. And this is the dedication in her latest book: *To Anne Sullivan, whose love is the story of my life.*

It was when they were preparing Helen Keller's first book for press that Anne Sullivan met John Macy—and she married him. It was Helen Keller who insisted on her accepting the tribute from Temple University.



## SAD NEWS OF AN OLD FRIEND HOW THE LEAGUE HEARD IT

**Aristide Briand is No More in the Hall of Peace**

### IN THE HOUR THAT HE DIED

It was a moment to remember in the life of the League when the news came that its greatest friend was gone. This is an impression by a C.N. correspondent who was there.

It is 4.15 in the afternoon. The meeting of the Commission has been announced for 3.30 but is unaccountably late in assembling. M. Hymans usually drops his hammer a quarter of an hour late, but not so late as this.

M. Titulesco is at last called on to enter the tribune, and does so. He reviews, in a slashing speech, what it means to the League if it is going to allow itself to be beaten by the obstructors. He then leaves the Assembly with the question: To be or not to be? She must make her choice.

### Intense Stillness

Now, at the conclusion of the translation, M. Hymans rises, and instantly all on the President's platform do the same.

In moments of intense stillness the President speaks: "I have a most painful duty to perform; M. Aristide Briand died this afternoon in Paris." Consternation and stupefaction are not too strong words to employ. You could have heard a pin drop.

M. Hymans adds: "We can at this solemn moment hear the sound of his voice among us. He was one of the glories of France. And he is illustrious in the League of Nations."

M. Briand died at 3.30; at 4.15 the news is being broken to the Assembly he loved so much. In the very hour that he died the League is moved to silence by this great sorrow. The tension is broken by the President saying that the session will be suspended for a quarter of an hour. Most stream out; but many remain in, feeling that the quiet of their seats is the most suitable place for them to realise a little what this news means to the League and the world. Among these are Sir Eric Drummond, left alone at the President's table; and the Quai d'Orsay interpreter also remains, stern and white; he has translated for M. Briand throughout his public life.

### Spontaneous Homage

Orations will be made, but none will be more solemn in its simplicity than this spontaneous homage of the place that is so much M. Briand's own creation, for here he is enshrined in hearts.

He wished to be the Apostle of Peace, and his wish has been fulfilled, for he held that position throughout the world.

In the darkest hours he never despaired. Whenever he was working for some event that seemed suddenly to crash to the ground, shaking the fragile structure of the League itself, he would reassemble all his powers, all his faith, all his courage, to draw together into a working group all anxious and discouraged souls.

"One will be able to arrange that!" he liked to say at such a time; and without any fuss he set himself to begin again.

### THE AIR WHEEL

A new tyre made for motor-cars at Wolverhampton is nearly as thick as a football is round.

It is, indeed, nine inches in cross section and only pumped up to a pressure of ten or fifteen pounds. It has been designed for use with small cars, and is known as the air wheel. So comfortable does it make driving that a car can be driven over ploughed fields without the passengers feeling the slightest discomfort. It is said to be impossible to skid in a car fitted with air wheels.

## TWO LINKS SNAP People Who Never Were SALLY WATKIN'S COTTAGE

By a strange coincidence we have just lost two links with John Halifax, Gentleman, Mrs Craik's famous novel.

One was a lady who was the last of a family which figured in the book as the little red-headed Tods.

The other link was not human. It was the attic of a 600-year-old house at Tewkesbury. This house was the original of Sally Watkin's cottage, and John Halifax was supposed to have slept in the attic. Fire broke out in the kitchen late the other night, and the famous attic was destroyed. Luckily the fire brigade was able to save the 600-year-old staircase.

Tewkesbury is very sad to lose its attic. John Halifax has become a very real person there, just as in Dorset the heroes of Thomas Hardy's novels seem historical to those who live where the scenes of the novels were laid.

"This," says the old lady at Bindon Abbey, "is the bridge Angel Clare carried Tess across when he was sleep-walking—the very same bridge."

Woe betide anyone who should say "But he never did, because there was no such man."

Angel Clare is as real to the folk of Bindon, and John Halifax as real to the folk of Tewkesbury, as William the Conqueror or John Milton.

## ONE GOOD THING IN THE BAD NEWS

### Russia, Manchuria, and Peace

One of the most hopeful features of the present world situation has gone largely unnoticed.

It is that Russia, although historically, geographically, and vitally interested in Manchuria, has not apparently raised a finger to add to the grave difficulties in that cockpit of war. The interest of Russia in Manchuria is and always has been this, *that her vast territory in Asia has no ice-free port in the East.* Her mighty country stretches from the Baltic to the Bering Sea. In the North she is locked in by ice. In the South she is locked in by land frontiers. On the West there is very small access to the Baltic. On the East there is no free access to the high seas.

If, therefore, Russia had interfered in the Manchurian dispute no one would have been surprised, but she has not done so. At the Disarmament Conference she has taken up the position that she desires *complete disarmament* and is ready to accept either that or the lowest standard other nations will agree to. We think this of good augury.

## GOOD NEWS

### 38,000 More Employed

The heavy increase of unemployment in January has been followed by the good news that during February employment improved.

*At the end of February 38,000 more were in work than at the end of January.*

On February 22 we had 9,403,000 insured persons actually at work. This was not only 38,000 more than in January, but 77,000 more than in February 1931.

Yet the number of unemployed in February this year was nearly 84,000 more than in February 1931. The explanation is a simple one. In the year the number of insured persons increased through the natural increase in the working population.

The number of unemployed at the end of February was 2,701,000, made up as follows:

Wholly unemployed	2,113,000
Temporarily disengaged	487,000
Casual workers idle	101,000

There is every hope that the March return, when it is available early in April, will show a further improvement in employment. There are many reports of improving trade.

## THE CLEVER BIRD CARRIER PIGEONS IN BERLIN A Great Show of Man's Little Flying Helpers

### FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

Berlin has just had an exhibition of carrier pigeons.

The breeding and training of these birds are extremely popular in Germany (there are as many as 6500 associations of carrier-pigeon breeders in the country), and it is said that no one who has once embarked on this fascinating hobby can leave off. It is especially among those who fought in the war and who have some special reason to be grateful to these humble helpers in man's great struggle that the hobby has spread.

In France a carrier pigeon was awarded the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour for its valuable services and feats of daring during the war. In Germany as well as in Belgium memorials of stone were raised to certain outstanding members of the tribe. And it must be owned that they deserved all these honours. The pluck, conscientiousness, and intelligence with which they accomplish the most difficult tasks set them are almost incredible, say those who know.

### Home Again

The training of a carrier pigeon begins when the bird is four months old. At twelve months it already knows everything there is to know about its calling. Its speed and endurance are astonishing.

A carrier pigeon will always return to its owner, whatever the perils and difficulties in the way. An exhibitor told how one of his pigeons was caught and had its wings clipped on its homeward flight. For three years it was kept captive thus. By that time its captors probably thought that it was theirs for good. But its wings re-grown, it took the first chance of escape that offered, and came winging its way home straight as a dart.

When a carrier pigeon is on duty, that is, carrying something that has been entrusted to it, it is capable of fighting birds of prey, and even though wounded will endeavour with its last strength to fly on and reach its goal. The Japanese, who make an extensive use of pigeons, attach rattles to their feet which make a noise when they fly and so scare away other birds.

### Lives Saved

Many stories were told by exhibitors of personal experiences at the Front when their lives were saved by a pigeon. One had been buried by a bursting shell, with several companions, nine yards underneath the surface of the ground. They could not move, they could hardly breathe, for only a very narrow shaft connected them with the upper air. Their situation was horrible and apparently utterly hopeless. But they had a carrier pigeon with them and they sent it up through the shaft. Within a few hours it was back with a relief party and the unfortunate men were all dug out in time.

"Can you wonder," said the man who told this story, "that I have loved carrier pigeons ever since?"

### LESS MONEY SPENT

The Board of Trade now makes careful inquiry as to the course of retail trade, obtaining returns from stores and others for the purpose.

It is shown that in January retail sales were down by a little more than a shilling in the pound as compared with January last year. This is, for the country as a whole; in London the fall was rather greater.

But there has been a fall in prices, and the quantity of retail trade done was probably bigger this year than last.

## THE JOLLY TUNE MAN John Philip Sousa 150 MARCHES FOR BRASS BANDS

A man who "set more feet tapping than anyone else" has just died. He was Sousa.

Sousa's parents were emigrants, and he was born in America 77 years ago. His father was a Portuguese musician, and it seems that he found it hard to make a living in the New World, for John Philip began work before he reached his teens, and was a serious little citizen at an age when most boys have no cares beyond lessons and games. At 13 he was a bandsman, and very soon showed that he had a genius for making tunes.

The family fortunes must have improved, because John Philip had lessons in harmony and counterpoint, and learned to play every instrument in the orchestra. At 18 he was leading an orchestra, and at 25 he was a musical director in Government employment.

### King of Bandsmen

To the world he was soon known as the king of bandsmen. It is true that he wrote operas, but it was the 150 marches he wrote for brass bands that made him friends in every country. His was the music, doubtless, that inspired Basil Hood to write:

*I may be wrong  
But I long for a song  
With a tune that a man can march to,  
That will make you shout  
When you feel washed out,  
And your courage will lend some starch to.  
Of course I know  
Such a taste is low,  
Yet there's many a mind may plumb it:  
For what on Earth  
Can be the worth  
Of a tune if a man can't hum it?*

Sousa's tunes set everybody humming and tapping their feet. They had far more zest in them than the jazz tunes that followed.

Sousa travelled about the world conducting brass bands with tremendous fervour, so that his waving beard and frantic white-gloved hands came to be about as famous as his tunes.

He died suddenly, without an illness. Elderly ladies who danced to his tunes as young girls, and grave, middle-aged men who whistled those tunes in boyhood, will feel that a part of their youth has gone with him.

## FORGIVING THEIR DEBTS

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has just stated in Parliament how Britain reduced the war debts owing to her by her European Allies.

France, who owed us £600,000,000, had her debt reduced to a capitalised value of £227,000,000.

Italy, who owed us £560,000,000, had her debt reduced to £78,000,000.

Rumania, Portugal, Greece, and Yugoslavia, who owed us smaller sums, were given similar reductions.

This was part and parcel of Britain's policy to reduce the debts owing to her by European Allies to such sums as would repay our debt to America.

## THINGS SAID

Flowers still pay the producer better than food. Sir William Beach Thomas

You win; we lose.

A wreath at the grave of Lilian Davies

It is not the dress that matters; it is what the heart is doing.

Mr Herbert Howells

The theatre has become so commercial that it is something like a factory.

Mr R. C. Sherriff

If France stands in the way of peace we must make it plain that we have no undertaking to stand by her.

Bishop of Southwark



March 16, 1932

*The Children's Newspaper*

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# CURIOUS PETS · SCHOOLBOY BANDSMEN · THE NEW WHITE LINES



**Jack the Jackdaw**—A boy of Highweek, near Newton Abbot, has an unusual pet, a jackdaw, which is seen in this picture.



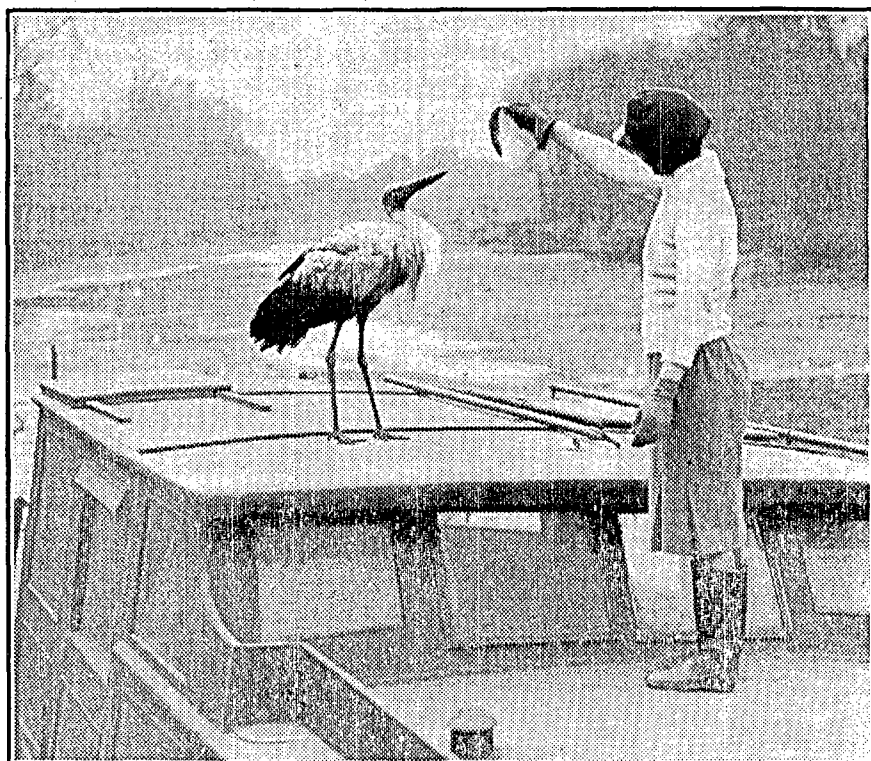
**Schoolboy Bandsmen**—These young musicians took part in the contest for school orchestras at Queen's Hall, in London.



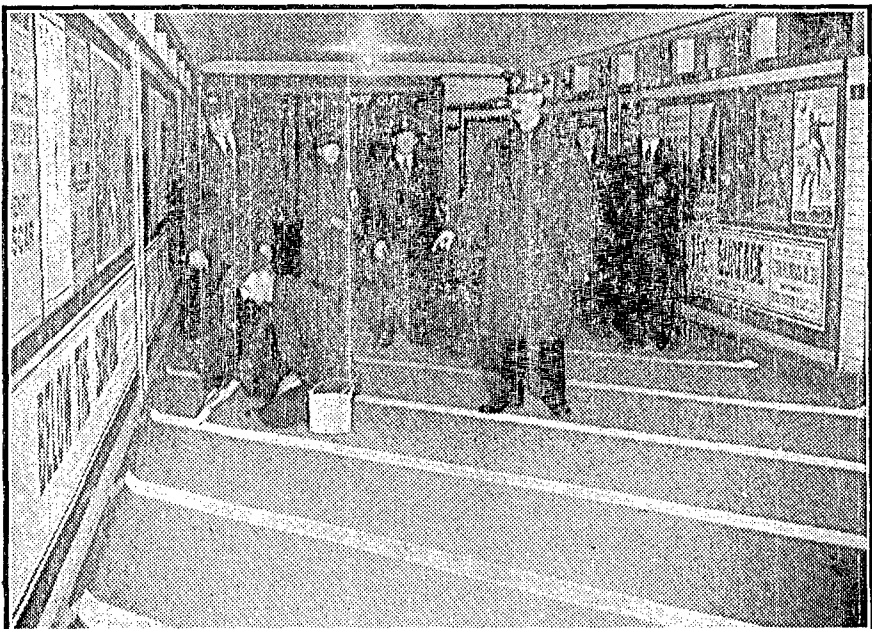
**Charlie the Duck**—At Winchmore Hill a little girl takes a duck walking on a lead, to the amazement of local dogs.



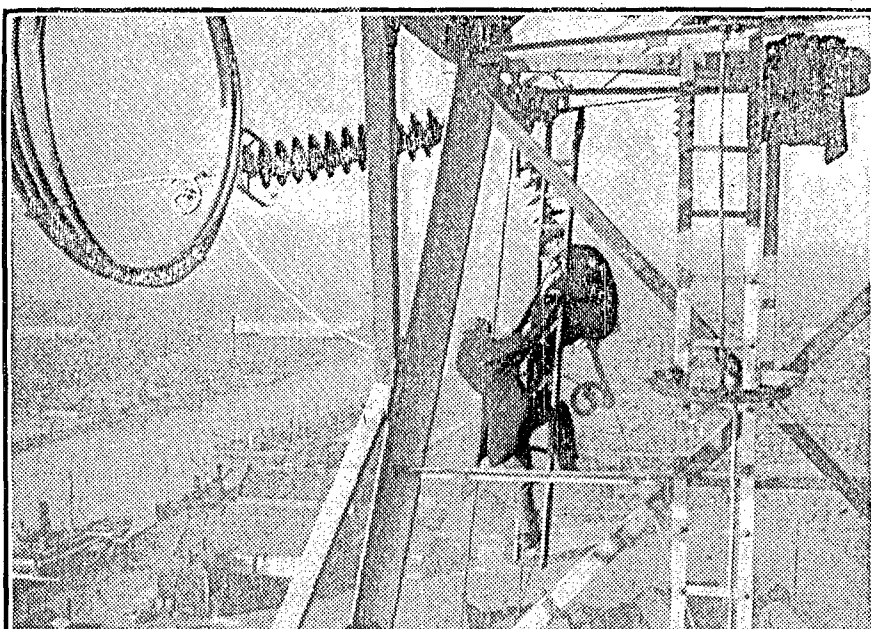
**Drill Near the Abbey**—Westminster schoolboys are here seen at physical drill in Dean's Yard close to Westminster Abbey. The photograph was taken with the camera held near the ground.



**Dinner-Time**—This heron has become a regular caller on a boat anchored in the Thames at Isleworth. He has learned to expect some fish at dinner-time.



**Keep to the Left**—It is said that diagonal lines painted on the ground, as in this London Underground subway experiment, help to keep people to the left when walking.



**Power Cables Cross a River**—Engineers are here fixing giant insulators on the 250-foot pylons supporting the power cables that cross the River Yare at Yarmouth.



## SUFFERING BEHIND TARIFF WALLS

### FRENCH PLAN FOR SMALL COUNTRIES

Solving the Problems of the  
Danube States

### COOPERATION SCHEME

France has made proposals to the great nations of Europe which may bring vast benefit to the suffering smaller nations whose territories lie in the 300,000 square miles basin of the Danube.

This great river and its tributaries are the trade routes of Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, and Rumania both to the Black Sea and between these several States.

River steamers carry goods up to Linz, in Austria, and ocean steamers can penetrate to the Iron Gates on the borders of Rumania and Yugo-Slavia.

### Why Trade is Stagnant

But trade on these rivers is stagnant, for the tariff walls round these five countries hinder their trade with one another and also with the world beyond.

The ill-fated Customs Union between Austria and Germany was the effort of one of these countries to widen her trading opportunities.

It failed through lack of tact. This accusation, at least, cannot be made against the new proposals of France. France has taken as their basis a report of the League of Nations and has proposed, if not a complete Customs Union between the five nations, at any rate a series of measures which will bring immediate relief to these countries. They are suffering not only from the general crisis in Europe, but from their abnormal relationships one with another.

### Unity and Prosperity

We welcome the friendly way in which the French Government has approached England, Italy, and, above all, Germany over this new scheme; and we hope it will pave the way to a new era of prosperity.

The scheme proposed has no political significance except, of course, that the more freely nations trade with one another the happier they should be in their political contacts.

As M. Briand, Europe's great friend, wrote two years before he died: "To unite in order to live and prosper, that is the imperative necessity facing Europe's people."

One unity the discussions of this scheme have helped—that between Italy and France, M. Tardieu declaring in the Chamber in Paris the other day that the Franco-Italian talks have led to greater mutual harmony than had existed for many years.

## THE FAULT IS OURS That We Are Underlings

No child in these days and in this country is made to start work at nine years old.

It would be unfair, we argue, not to give him a better chance of life.

Yet there are some people who seem to be able to do without a good chance in life. No matter how bad a start they get, their eyes are fixed in the right direction; they know the goal and make straight for it.

That is what happened with William Carter. At nine he was laying bricks at half-a-crown a week. Years later he was sitting in Parliament, and when he died the other day the Nottinghamshire miners lost one of their best friends.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder, said Shakespeare, and in the same play he wrote those splendid lines:

*The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*

## THE SMALL STATES SPEAK

### STRONG WORDS ABOUT THE EASTERN WAR

Future of the League and the  
Confidence of Little Countries

### ATTITUDE OF THE DOMINIONS

After five months of talking much and doing little in the League Council the full Assembly met to have its say on the subject of Japan and China.

In the Council there are five States we call Great Powers and nine smaller ones. Throughout those five months the small States kept as quiet as mice except once, when one of them got up and spoke for the rest at a meeting in Paris in December. The delegate of Peru then set forth certain principles of right and justice on which the relations of one State with another must be based, the same principles we put into practice in our ordinary lives.

### Spirit of the Covenant

Now, at this special Assembly in March, all the other smaller States not represented on the Council, as well as the nine, have had the opportunity to speak plainly and say what they think on this business, and they have done it clearly and fearlessly. They have joined the League of Nations largely because of the protection they hope it will give them in upholding law and justice, and if it fails now they will have no hope that it will not fail them at some future time.

Sweden has quite plainly said that Japan has broken the Covenant and the Pact, and that, once the firing has ceased, the League still has the duty of bringing about a peaceful settlement within the spirit of the Covenant.

Colombia has said equally that the Assembly must not hesitate to state that the territory of a League member has been invaded in defiance of the Covenant and to point out the aggressor.

Mexico firmly asked that the League should assert as an absolute fact that it will not condone any invasion of sovereignty and will recognise that no country may be judge in its own case.

Several of these smaller States spoke earnestly of the danger to the League of Nations if any wavering course be followed in the present situation. "Its future is at stake," they said. "What we do today will be our guide for the future, and we dare not set up standards which are less high than the Covenant to which we are pledged."

### The Voice of South Africa

The Great Powers have refrained from saying any of these things; also they have made no mention of Manchuria. But Spain and others have said plainly that Japan must withdraw from Manchuria as well as from Shanghai, that the Assembly must not rest until there are no Japanese troops on Chinese soil. Otherwise the Covenant remains broken.

A strong speech was made by Mr te Water, the representative of South Africa. He declared quite bluntly that a state of war existed in China, and demanded from the Japanese delegate an explanation of their failure to make use of the League. This association of one of our own Dominions with the smaller States in their protest was as welcome as it was unexpected. It shows that the Dominions are taking up an independent and progressive attitude in world affairs.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Arezzo . . . . .	Ah-ret-so
Arquá . . . . .	Ar-kwah
Mekong . . . . .	May-kong
Peruarch . . . . .	Pe-trark
Szechwan . . . . .	Sa-choo-an

## THE OLD LADY OF ILOK

### A Hundred Years in the Market-Place

LONG LIFE ENDS BY THE  
DANUBE

The old pepper-seller of Ilok in Yugo-Slavia, to whom the C.N. has referred as having reached the age of 112, has died.

Before the map of Europe was changed after the Great War her country was called Slavonia, and to her one of the prettiest towns in it was Ilok, with its fine chateau and great monastery.

In the market-place of Ilok this old woman had sold paprika, a kind of pepper much used in Central and Southern Europe, for about 100 years.

Not far from her perch in the market-place flowed the great Danube on its way to the sea. To her it was an endless water, the chief highway of the world, with great names connected with it like Budapest and Belgrade, and hundreds of little ones like Ilok.

The right bank of the river, her bank, was beautiful, backed by a chain of hills, wood crowned, with vineyards on the lower slopes.

Across the water was the flat stretch of the Hungarian shore, where foreigners dwelled—poor things!

### Echoes That Passed Over Her

She lived the seasons out, the smiling summers and the hard winters, in her humble toil. The echoes of revolutions and wars in the great countries and bitter strife in the little countries passed over her, were talked of sometimes by her cronies in the market-place. She had seen so many changes that she learned to marvel at nothing.

Sometimes, however, she would talk of the first steamship that came down the Danube to people who were accustomed to the steamships coming four times a week from Budapest.

When the Great War came she was too old to be upset. She cared nothing about aeroplanes and the vast wonders of the modern world. She was just the old pepper-seller, the most familiar face in Ilok; and when she laid down her work her chief trouble was that someone else was selling paprika, and how could they possibly understand the trade as she did—after 100 years?

## THIS WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT

### How You Can Help the C.N.

It is certain that Whipsnade Zoo will be a popular place of pilgrimage during the Easter holidays.

C.N. readers can see what an interesting place is this great open-air zoo, for with every copy of this week's issue is given a splendid photogravure supplement showing many of the animals that enjoy the freedom of Whipsnade.

Have you ever thought how difficult it is for a newsagent to order just the right number of copies of any paper each week? You can make his task much easier by placing a regular order, thus making sure of your C.N. each week.

Next week's C.N. will contain particulars of a brilliant serial which is to begin very soon.

### PRESIDENT DE VALERA

After long years in opposition the Republican party now holds power in the Irish Free State.

Mr de Valera, its leader, has been elected President of the new Government and, like Mr MacDonald, when he formed our first Labour Government, has decided to take the additional responsibility of dealing with External Affairs.

Mr de Valera starts with the goodwill of most people, he has an efficient Civil Service to carry out his administrative decisions, and a people which has enjoyed ten years of good government.

## PETER AND THE DOMOVOY

### SUPERSTITION ROUTED BY SCIENCE

The Little Russian Relative of  
the Chinese Kitchen God

### NEWS FROM A DEAF VILLAGE

From a Travelling Correspondent

Science is putting superstition to rout even in those far-off villages of northern Russia where formerly so little news of the world ever penetrated that they called themselves Deaf Villages.

The Domovoy was once a powerful ruler in these villages, though he existed only in people's minds. He is the Russian relative of the Chinese Kitchen God, a household spirit whose tastes have to be consulted on all occasions.

If your Domovoy happens to take a fancy for white cattle and you buy a brown cow you may expect to have your cow go astray in the woods or fall ill of an unknown disease.

The peasant had to take a great deal of thought to keep on the right side of his Domovoy, of whom he spoke respectfully as the Master, for, as there could be no predicting its whims, it might do you harm when you were least expecting it.

### Peter the Crusader

A gentleman inspecting a new creamery in one of these Deaf Villages recently asked the boy at the churn if any Domovoys had yet taken up residence in the new building to spoil the cream and prevent the butter coming.

The boy laughed, greatly enjoying the joke; and, pointing to the milk-pails waiting to be washed, said that they were the homes of no end of Domovoys, but a new sort, some good, some bad, and their family name was bacteria. But Peter had taught the village how to deal with these invisible beings in such a way as to get a great deal of help from them and no harm at all.

This man who had mastered the Domovoys was Peter Tabarin, Peter the Crusader. All his life Peter has been crusading against evil; first against the cruelties of the Tsarist régime, then against the stupidity of the Great War, then against the outrages of the Bolsheviks. Then he took two years off to prepare himself for his last, his great, crusade against ignorance.

During these two years he mastered not only the skill of the dairyman but all the body of scientific knowledge that lies behind it: he equipped himself to teach the people of the villages.

### The Gospel of Cleanliness

At Chakalo he built his first creamery of logs. In it he set up a churn from Germany, a cream separator from America, and a butter moulder from England. Then he organised a co-operative society among the peasants of the region, and set about teaching them the gospel of cleanliness.

The result is delicious yellow butter, instead of the rancid or tasteless product which formerly passed for butter in this out-of-the-way region.

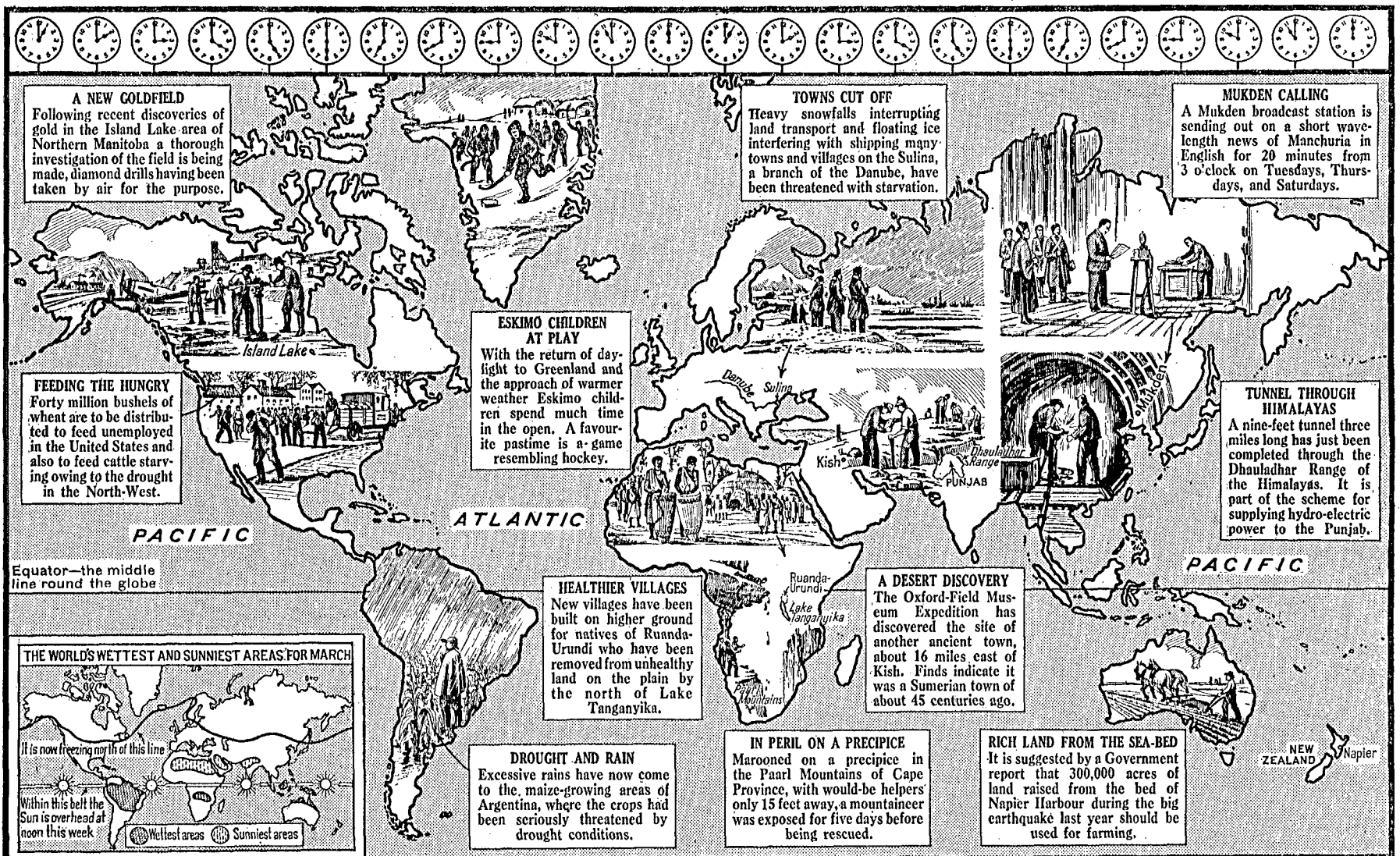
Peter Tabarin, who once fought the Communists, has now settled down to work with them. He finds that they know how to appreciate and encourage such work as his, for modern Russia has determined to put an end to Deaf Villages, to see that the voice of modern science is heard throughout the land, and to free her people from medieval superstitions which kept them the slaves of ignorance and fear.

### RINGING UP A CITY

A London telephone subscriber can now get a Birmingham number at once, without putting down his receiver, and it is hoped that this will soon apply to all our big cities.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## CAUGHT BY HIS OWN TRAP

### A Man and the Lobster Pots

A Whitby fisherman had a fearful adventure the other day.

J. J. Storr was helping to sink lobster pots when the lobster pots trapped him.

The pots were being shot overboard from a motor-boat travelling fast through heavy seas off Saltburn, and were fastened together by a long rope. This rope whipped round Storr's arm, and he was hauled overboard in a flash. The weighted pots instantly drew him below the surface.

It would have been all over with Storr if he had not been able to keep his head even when it was under the surface. He got out his knife, like the hero of Monte Cristo, and tried to cut himself free, but in vain. Then he kicked off his heavy sea boots and swam against the downward pull of the pots.

Thus his mates were able to haul him to the surface in time, half-conscious but still alive.

## RACING SPECIALS

Our railways take a great deal of trouble to run special trains for those who attend race meetings.

To give a case in point, to serve the Grand National race at Aintree this year as many as 60 special trains were run. In this connection the railway companies take pride in providing for the comfort and convenience of racing people, who can obtain breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner on the journey.

We suggest to the railway companies that if similar attention were paid to the comfort and convenience of the ordinary railway traveller who is not interested in racing but who wants to get about his country quickly and cheaply it would be a great thing done not only for the nation but for the companies themselves.

## THE LINER SHE'S A LADY

### Strange Story of the Sea

Passengers by the White Star liner Adriatic and those on board the Belfast motor-ship Laganbank will long tell the tale of the non-stop steamer.

As the liner neared the lightship on the Nantucket shoal 600 miles distant from her journey's end at New York, an S.O.S. was received.

It came from an American collier, the H. F. de Bardeleben, which had lost her rudder in the storm.

The captain of the Bardeleben dared not heave-to in order to try to repair the damage or rig up a makeshift rudder lest the seas should sink the ship. He dared not slow or stop his engines for the same reason. He was bound to go on full steam ahead and hope for the best.

This was the plight in which the Adriatic found her humble sister of the seas, and she slowed down accordingly to keep pace with her, standing by to rescue the crew of the collier, if necessity arose and opportunity offered.

The Adriatic followed the Bardeleben for two days and then her task was taken over by the Laganbank which, during a lull in the storm soon after midnight on the third day, took off the collier's crew of 34 by a daring feat of seamanship.

The Bardeleben went on with her decklights and searchlights blazing and not a soul aboard. So, for a time, ends this strange story of the high seas.

## YOUR SEAT IN A BUS

A curious upholstery material is being manufactured for the London General omnibuses.

The pure milk from the rubber trees is whipped up until it is all froth, and the froth is poured into moulds. The rubber sets to the shape of the cushions, and is like a huge blancmange, which is said to have an "abnormal liveliness," giving wonderful elasticity and a very comfortable seat.

## THE WHITLEY COUNCILS

By Mr Whitley

Mr J. H. Whitley, although he has been Speaker and is now Governor of the B.B.C., will probably like best of all, when he looks back, the good work he did in founding the Whitley Councils. This is what he has just been saying about them at a printing trade dinner.

When we were considering the organisation of industry with the hope of avoiding contests between employers and workmen we were not so foolish as to try to lay down one pattern for all the industries. We tried to indicate certain principles on which industries ought to be organised, but we left it to each industry to build the structure suited to its needs.

The principles were the round table, free argument, consideration and goodwill in the settlement of problems instead of the arbitrament of the strike and the lock-out.

Some 60 or 70 joint industrial councils have come into being, and some of them have been successful in quite a remarkable degree.

The conception of an industry as a national service is what I wish to see realised in every industry. No industry can live to itself. This country, more than any other, depends upon the soundness of its industry, and everyone engaged in it, in however humble a sphere, ought to be able to make a contribution to his nation's good.

## THE DANES BUY BRITISH

Denmark has the distinction of having been the chief buyer at this year's British Industries Fair.

For some time in Denmark the slogan has been "Buy Danish! If you can't buy Danish—buy British!"

The British Industries Fair has had its most successful year since its inception. As a result of large orders for cutlery from Scandinavia, Germany, Japan, and India, one Sheffield firm reports that it will be able to employ 1500 workpeople for over five months.

## WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN FINLAND

### Speedy End of a Revolt PRESIDENT'S APPEAL FOR LOYALTY

Finland passed through some exciting days during the beginning of this month, but the wheels are running smoothly again in that delightful land of lakes and forests.

The trouble arose from the impatience of the Lapuans, a Fascist party who derive their name from the village of Lapua. They had called for the resignation of two Cabinet Ministers.

Their leader was General Wallenius, a former Chief of the General Staff who two years ago abducted the President, M. Stahlberg. He advocated direct action against the Communists and Socialists, and because the Cabinet refused to do what the Lapuans wanted the general summoned his followers to Mantsala and threatened to march on the Finnish capital 40 miles away.

To add to the wrong to their native land one of the Lapuan leaders sent forged orders to the Civic Guard to take sides with the Lapuans.

The President acted promptly, put into operation against them the very Security Law which the Lapuan Party had forced on to the Statute Book, and called out the national troops.

The people as a whole stood by the President, and so many rebels slunk away from Mantsala that when the troops reached the headquarters of the rebels there was no need for a battle. In fact, the rebel army were at church and were allowed to hand over their weapons and walk away to their homes, though, of course, General Wallenius and his fellow-conspirators were arrested.

This fine appeal of President Svinhufvud to the Civic Guards solved their problem of divided loyalties:

*As you made me President, so you must obey me, and you cannot follow General Wallenius without betraying me.*



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 26

1932

## Baby

No one asks why all the world stopped to listen to the news about the Lindbergh baby. A baby is to most of the world the most important thing in it. It is the world, or what the world will become.

Everybody knows it—the painter who called his picture His Majesty, Baby; the scientist who asked a politician to remember what a baby could become; the poet who wrote: *You may be Christ or Shakespeare, little child.*

To everybody the baby, strong in its weakness, is the token of the responsibility of humanity to its kind.

When we speak of the world we mean the world of civilised peoples. Savage races may be cruelly indifferent at times to their offspring, but the mark of a civilised nation is its ability to safeguard its children.

The rottenness begins at the top. No one supposes that the American people are other than kindly, chivalrous, humane; but the failure of the forces of law and order to find the baby or trace the kidnappers, the almost incredible appeals to law-breakers, are a symptom that the administration and enforcement of the law are in unworthy hands.

The kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby is the symptom of a disease which has invaded the crowded cities of America. Gangs of criminals, whatever their particular calling, whether it is bootlegging or blackmail, or organised violence for gain, may menace any community. But they cannot survive and increase their power unless they are backed by a second line of corrupt police, lawyers, officials, judges; and by a third line, which is a kind of public indifference.

By indifference we mean, in the last resort, a neglect on the part of the common citizen to do his share in making the law respected and seeing that it is obeyed.

Racketeering, which is another name for blackmailing employers into paying tribute to criminal organisations in order that their businesses shall not be interrupted, could not have risen to its menacing dimensions unless there had been business men who paid bribes for peace and quietness.

It is the people of America themselves who, by coming forward as witnesses, by refusing any sort of condonation of what the law condemns, by punishing without fear or favour any civil corruption wherever found, must rescue their country.

It will not be an easy task, but the longer it is put off the harder it will be. It may be that the affair of the Lindbergh baby will awaken them to the need, and that a little child shall lead them to their plain duty.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## This Mad World

This is from a letter in our post-bag and we pass it on because it must be the sort of thing that all thinking men are writing to one another in these days.

WHAT is this queer world coming to?

I wish it wasn't so preposterous.

If there is one sane thing that is sure it is that the civilised world hates war, and yet it cannot see how to arrange not to have it.

You are perplexed by the mentality of the Japs: warring incessantly while they are denouncing war; but the mentality of the French is as queer. They cannot trust anybody.

Then there is India, trying her hardest to prove that she is utterly unfitted for democratic government. Think of the female university graduate shooting the guest invited to her university. Is that an effect of higher education on a Hindu mind?

## Harnessing the Insects

SCIENTISTS have been warning us that what we might call biological engineering will grow up. Man is now able to set a thief to catch a thief in the animal world, and, by freeing one insect, set it destroying millions of insects of another species.

When great areas of Australia were about to be ruined for purposes of cultivation by the huge growth of prickly pear an insect from another country was scattered over the land. It preyed on the pear and killed it.

Great are the visions that often pass before the eyes of those in the laboratories, these men whose brains are so clear and whose pockets are so light!

## Keeping Cheerful

WE think things are improving.

Our bus conductor was in splendid mood the other day; he had a word for everybody, and a merry one for most. We gave him sixpence for our penny fare, and he worked it out like an accountant:

Sixpence—penny—Ludgate Circus—five-pence change. Thank you.

Then, as we approached Fleet Street:

Any more for Outer Temple, Law Courts, Temple Bar, St Dunstan's, and the Northcliffe Memorial?

Is there another bus conductor in London, we wonder, who knows the Northcliffe Memorial?—perhaps the most expensive memorial in London for this small bust cost not less than £5000.

We dropped off in front of our old Chief to see the conductor smiling and nodding, and saying "Good-Morning to you" as we left him.

## Goodwill and Good Trade

You cannot trade with men who suspect you. You cannot establish commercial and industrial relations with men who do not trust you. Goodwill is the forerunner and the foundation of trade, and trade is the great amicable instrument of the world on that account. President Wilson

## Agur, Son of Jakeh

MR BALDWIN commends to us the petition of Agur, the son of Jakeh, as not inappropriate to the circumstances of most ordinary folk:

*Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die; remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of my God in vain.*

## Tip-Cat

THE trouble with fashions is that they soon become so popular that they become unpopular.

A BOY has swallowed a roll of camera films. He was only taking them.

JAPAN is to be asked to make a solemn promise to stop breaking the solemn promise she made ten years ago.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the League is a Movie or a Talkie

FLYING is now taught on easy terms. But that doesn't make it any easier.

AN M.P. says the Channel Tunnel will be discussed again this year. We shall have to go through it.

A FRUITERER complains that people handle his goods. Apple sauce!

LORD BEAVERBROOK has built a glass house in Fleet Street. We hope he will now stop throwing stones.

SOFT shirts will be worn with dress-suits. But the prices will be stiff.

THE top-hat has almost disappeared. No longer the height of fashion.

BAGPIPE players are becoming scarce in Scotland. Can't raise the wind?

SEASIDE songs must have haunting melodies. It is something in the air.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A KENLEY lady whose car was damaged by a lorry paid half the fine of the driver.

SOMEBODY has raised £100 a year for the Bible Society by collecting old bottles.

OF 3370 motor-cycles in Ceylon last year 3036 were British.

THREE boys finishing level in a school race breasted the tape arm-in-arm.

THE Chairman of Cadburys has served the firm for 50 years; 246 work-people have served 40.

## JUST AN IDEA

*If the Churches ever fail it will be because their faith has not been equal to their opportunity.*

## Alfred's English

By Our Country Girl

THE new rector knows that we call him a foreigner. He does not like that. It is not his fault that he was born in Middlesex instead of in Dorset.

"A good-hearted, kind, cheerful man," our looks said; "but it's a pity he can't understand English."

When we say something he does not understand he takes his questions secretly to the sexton, and I believe he doesn't always get satisfaction there.

"Horsey," he asked the other day, "what did Mrs Bower mean when she said she was all of a nunnywutch?"

"Why," returned Horsey, "it meant she was all of a higgledy-like."

"And what," asked the rector, taking his courage in both hands, "is all of a higgledy-like?"

Horsey stared in despair, then thought, then gave a short laugh, then "Why—all of a higgledy-like!" he said at last.

Could anything be clearer?

Cheer up, Mr Baldwin! Cheer up, all lovers of England's rich dialects! In our vales and villages American slang learned from the Squawkies has not yet conquered the language that Alfred spoke.

William Barnes was quite certain Alfred talked Dorset, saying geäte instead of gate, and that if the Court had not been moved to London the old Wessex speech would have been the Court language of today. Then it would have been used by B.B.C. announcers; but, after all, B.B.C. announcers are not as important as poets, and Barnes himself has immortalised the right pronunciation of gate in his last poem, *The geäte a-vallèn to.*

And oft do come a saddened hour  
When there must goo away  
One well-beloved to our heart's core  
Vor long, perhaps vor aye.  
And oh! it is a touchèn thing  
The loven heart must rue,  
To hear behind his last farewell  
The geäte a-vallèn to.

We are not going to give up our heritage for all the Kinemas and Loud Speakers in the world.

## C.N. Philosophies

Discipline

IT is discipline which turns a good-for-nothing into a good-for-something. It turns an ungainly recruit into a smart soldier. It turns a beginner, fumbling over the piano keys, into a concert performer. It brings back to usefulness and self-respect the man who has lost himself through self-indulgence.

Everyone knows that discipline keeps the morale of the army and navy up to the required pitch. The army and navy exist for war and war is to be no more; but must the habits of discipline go with the war spirit? No; we must learn to discipline ourselves for peace, to obey orders, to subordinate personal desires, to keep ourselves fit mentally and bodily.

Discipline means giving up the lesser for the greater, losing oneself that one may find a wider, deeper, richer life.



March 26, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

7

## CRUSADER OF PEACE

### EUROPE LOSES A FAMOUS FIGURE

**M. Briand, Eleven Times Prime Minister, is Among Us No More**

### BUT HIS FAITH IN PEACE LIVES ON

France, in her hour of indecision, in these days when she is faltering on the road to final Peace, has lost her Peace Crusader, her great Prime Minister, her famous European, M. Briand. He has passed, like Guinevere, to where beyond these voices there is peace.

Aristide Briand—how many millions of lips uttered that name in the years since he became a great man in France!

Now that he has passed beyond the controversies, the struggles, the triumphs, and the defeats of politics which had been part of his life for thirty years there are no lips to speak his name without admiration and affection.

#### His Crown and Memorial

For most of the years of his career he was a French politician with as many enemies as friends; but since the war millions of people of many countries acclaimed him as a leader in the cause nearest to their hearts. He was the Crusader of Peace.

He was the architect of peace, says our Prime Minister, and Sir Austen Chamberlain says he was not only a great Frenchman, but the greatest European of us all.

We might go farther, and say that he was the greatest citizen of the world among statesmen, hoping and believing and striving for a world where all the ways are peace. That word, so inevitably repeated in all the tributes to him, is his crown and his memorial. Peace be with him.

#### Tact and Determination

It may be that all his life led up to these last years of his endeavour when he fought his own countrymen, and was accused, true patriot though he was, of sacrificing the interests of France to the appeasement of Europe. His life was, we may say, an illustration of the truth that no man can tell till the end of his days what were the most important hours in it.

It is certain that only in these later years were the magnitude and adaptability of his genius displayed to the full. He was a recognised master of political strategy, as any Frenchman must be who has been eleven times Prime Minister; and he was a diplomat of the first rank, as any man must be who so long held office as his country's Foreign Minister.

It was known that he combined an inflexible determination with all his tact, for was he not the Prime Minister who, elected as a Socialist, yet suppressed by the firmest and most unexpected measures a general railway strike which, in his view, was threatening injury to his beloved country?

#### Where War is Born

His Socialist supporters, to whom previously he had been "our Aristide," turned on him with cries of Judas. But he coolly told them that he had saved bloodshed.

A man of peace he was, then, and a man of peace he remained under every set-back and disappointment. He went to the United States first Disarmament Conference in 1921, and, returning empty-handed in respect of the assurances France wanted, fell from power. His French critics thought him too pacific. He told them, in words that should be written in letters of gold in every Senate: *War does not arise from the direct will of men. War is born in the atmosphere suitable for it.*

It might seem to some that his life ended in a cloud of disappointment. He

## WORK FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO

ROVER SCOUTS in many parts of the country have been conducting an interesting experiment.

Realising the dangers of unemployment and its effect on youths the Rovers decided to form Rover Crews among the unemployed.

The Widnes Rovers have issued a report which is very encouraging. They went to the manager of the Employment Exchange explaining what they wished to do, and with his cooperation interviewed several unemployed youths with nothing to do and little interest in life.

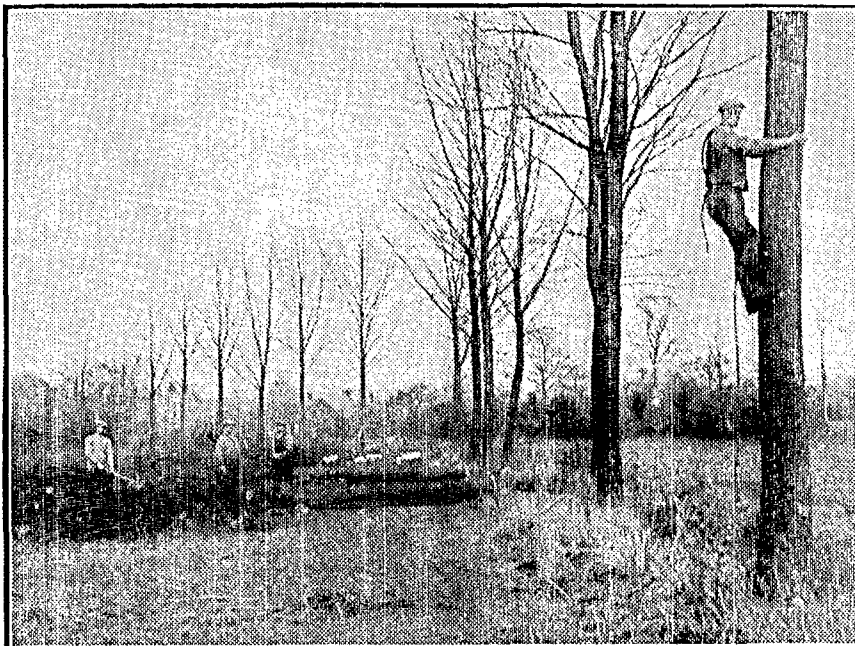
The aims of Scouting were explained to them, and an offer made to form a Rover Crew for as many as were willing to join. Eventually several of them

agreed to the idea, and were taken to the Scout headquarters, where they met other Rovers. There were several of these meetings, and then the youths met weekly at the Rover Den of the Farnworth Crew, where they mixed with forty or more Rovers in happy comradeship.

The unemployed youths showed great promise, and careful training was given them. Week-end camps followed, and here the youths came to realise fully the new life that lay open to them.

Service was enforced as a condition of membership, and their efforts in this direction have been praiseworthy indeed. Especially interesting is it that since joining the Rover Crew nearly all the youths have found employment.

## GETTING READY FOR KING CRICKET



Cutting down willow trees in Norfolk



Shaping the blade of a bat

It is rather early to talk of cricket, but bats will soon be in demand and makers have long been busy preparing for the coming season. Of course a considerable time must elapse between the cutting of the willow and the making of the bat.

Continued from the previous column

was weary and worn. He was out of office, his talents no longer employed. But that would be a false view to take.

His share in the Locarno Conference and in the Kellogg Pact, his spadework at the League of Nations, though such a word seems inapt for all his tact and persuasiveness and brilliance, were the great acts of his life. They had been done; his task, if not accomplished, had laid foundations that lesser men can never shake.

The future, in which the League of Nations will take its proper place, will write above the entrance to its Hall of Assembly, as the first name to be inscribed there, that of Aristide Briand.

## NO ONE IS NORMAL

Professor Winifred Cullis has made the announcement that no one is normal.

It sounds as though the world were full of cranks and lunatics and weaklings, but it is not meant to be as bad as that.

When we come to look into it we find that what Professor Cullis said was: "I have never met a man or woman whose temperature was 98.4."

That is the average arrived at by comparing hundreds of temperatures of healthy people, and that is the temperature called normal. When Nurse says "Mr Brown is normal today" she means that the thermometer registers about 98.4.

But apparently nobody is quite 98.4.

## 400,000 PICTURES

### THE REMARKABLE WITT GALLERY

**What Sir Robert and Lady Witt Have Done For Art**

### A HOBBY AND ITS STORY

The hobby of two lovers of Art has yielded a rich harvest which in due time the University of London will reap.

Over thirty years ago two young students at Oxford, Robert Witt and Mary Marten, began the delightful hobby of collecting photographs of great paintings. They met one another, married, and organised their precious treasures into one perfect system.

The hobby was pursued with vigour and the collection grew rapidly. Sir Robert Witt and his wife drew tribute from all the world, buying photographs of every painting in public or private ownership, securing a regular supply of every art magazine issuing from the printing presses of the world, and from them cutting out and storing every reproduction of painting or drawing. So carefully has this been done that practically any picture by any painter can be seen in a few seconds.

#### An Open House

This hobby was no selfish one. Realising its value to every student and writer on Art, Sir Robert and Lady Witt have long kept open house for any serious inquirer, employing a staff to help them in their research and to index the collection.

Experts come from Paris, from Berlin, from America, from all the world over, to check facts, to make comparisons, and to add to their store of knowledge. No art museum has anything to equal this collection.

When the Editor of the C.N. was building up the Children's Encyclopedia this vast store of photographs proved of great value—and how it has grown since then! In those days it completely filled the great Library at Portman Square. Now it runs down into the cellars and overflows the wall space of the front hall. There are now 400,000 reproductions of paintings and drawings of all schools, ancient and modern, and they are increasing by 20,000 a year.

#### A Challenge to the Future

Sir Robert and Lady Witt have now announced their decision to bequeath this great collection to the Courtauld Institute for the Study of the History of Art at London University, and they have even promised to provide endowment for its future development.

Readers of the C.N. will recall our story of the origin of this Institute and its debt to the generosity of Mr Samuel Courtauld and Sir Joseph Duveen, who have both done so much for our Art Galleries. In three years time we shall see the new Institute standing in the heart of Bloomsbury, a challenge to future generations to carry on the love of the beautiful which Mr Courtauld, Sir Joseph Duveen, and Sir Robert and Lady Witt have all so generously inspired.

## WATERLOO

By 140 Well-known People

This memorial to the Prime Minister against the destruction of Waterloo Bridge has been signed by 140 distinguished people in various walks of life.

In view of the beauty of Waterloo Bridge, its historical associations, and the serious objections to the construction of a new six-lane bridge in its place on the score of traffic, and great cost in time and money, and having regard to the urgent need for economy at the present time, we, the undersigned, beg to protest against the destruction of the famous bridge, which can be adapted to all reasonable requirements at a moderate cost, as recommended by the Royal Commission on Cross-River Traffic.



## THE EMPTY ROOMS THROW OPEN THEIR DOORS

One Way of Being Helpful in  
These Hard Times

### BATH'S LEAD TO OUR CITIES

Royal Bath has given a royal example to the rest of our cities. May they follow where she leads.

Her unemployed will soon no longer have to hang about corners or tramp the streets. The parish halls are going to be open to them from ten till four every day, to be a warm place where they can read, answer advertisements, and enjoy some of the hours which have been nothing but weariness to them. Here, too, they will be able to get food and hot drinks at cost price.

We have already told of the room at Croydon which has been put to a similar use, and we hope there are many more of these rooms scattered about our country; but this news from Bath is the first we have heard of a whole city showing its sympathy for its unemployed.

#### What Can Be Done

Two great friends of the C.N. gave the lead. They are Commander and Mrs Haslewood, who at one time had to leave China because their work to free the little slave girls of Hong Kong was not approved by the authorities.

Their lead was followed by Prebendary George Ruck and other clergymen, while numerous people have offered their services and are undertaking to keep the rooms supplied with books, magazines, and games. Others will give cups and plates and other necessities.

Two parish halls have already been opened, and it is hoped that others will be ready soon, so that there will not be an unemployed man in Bath who is out of reach of one or other of these friendly rooms.

This is the sort of service the Prince of Wales appealed for in his broadcast speech, and it shows what can be done if there is somebody to give the lead. There must be hundreds of rooms standing empty, and there are thousands of men standing outside in the street. Who will open their doors?

## ELIZABETH FRY'S GREAT-GRANDSON A Loss to the World

Already the Tramping Bishop is being greatly missed. He was Dr Woods, of Winchester, who has passed on at only 58.

"If people will not come to church, the church must come to them," he used to say; and every summer this tall, broad-shouldered man would take a stout staff and tramp through the villages in his cassock. People would stare at the unfamiliar figure, and he would return the stare with a friendly smile, and soon he would be talking to a little knot of country folk.

He was Elizabeth Fry's great-grandson, and, like his famous ancestor, he was full of robust common sense, a great social reformer. It always shocked him that the whole nation did not rise to put an end to slums. What was the good of sending missionaries to preach Christianity in the East if we did not practise Christianity at home?

"If we want the East to take our religion seriously," he said, "and if we want to regain in the East our lost reputation of being a Christian people, we ought to put our house in order in England."

His loss is a grievous thing for the world.

The L.M.S. are building lock-up garages at certain stations in the outer suburbs of London.

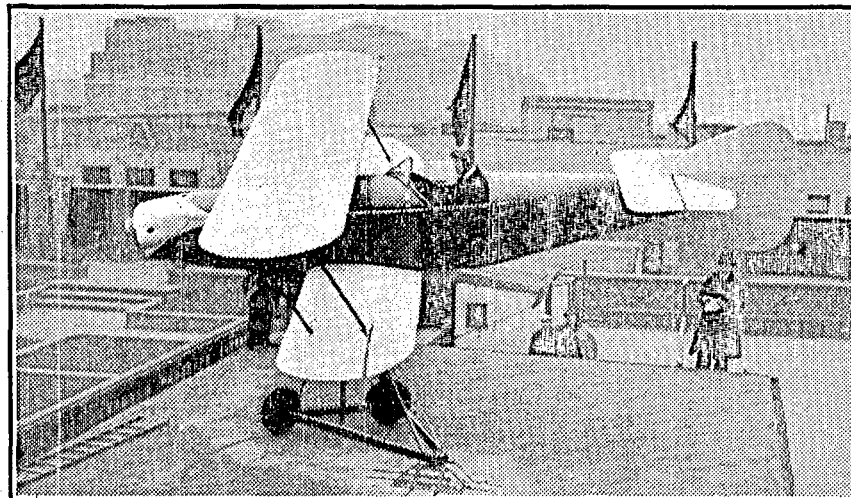
## NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



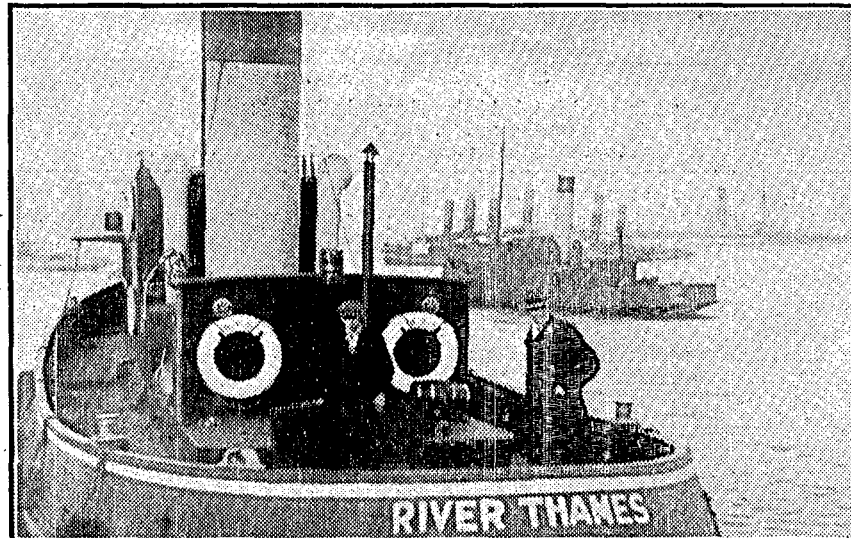
The Pool of Peace—One more memorable thing Lord Wakefield has done for Peace. He has bought this crater near Ypres, made by a mine explosion in the war and now filled with water, to preserve it as a Pool of Peace, in memory of those who gave their lives for Peace.



Copying a Masterpiece—For eleven years Miss Agnes Quest has been visiting the Flemish room of the National Gallery twice a week to make a copy of the beautiful Mabuse picture, The Adoration of the Kings. Miss Quest expects to be another three years on her task.



Captive Aeroplane—A new machine in which would-be aviators are given their early flying lessons has been tested on the roof of Selfridges. It is controlled as if it were in flight.



The Pilot Boats—Ships coming into the Thames have pilots to bring them safely into harbour. Here are some of the boats which take the pilots to and from the vessels.

## ROBOT IN THE SHOP Answering Questions

The waxwork policeman in Madame Tussaud's is probably asked, in all innocence, as many questions as any real policeman on his London beat.

When next on a shopping expedition beware lest the handsome young man who appears to be guiding the crowd is not all he seems to be.

"But his head and arms moved," you may protest by way of excuse; "his eyes too, and I'm sure his lips moved as he said 'This way, please; keep to your left.'"

Probably all this did happen, but the figure, lifelike as it appeared, was merely a robot.

Many advertisers are finding that the robot can be a good salesman, for it creates interest wherever it is seen.

At the British Industries Fair was a complete robot orchestra, all its players moving as the tune apparently came from their instruments. Actually the music was relayed from a hidden gramophone and the movement of the figures was electrically synchronised; but the illusion was excellent.

Not all of the robots that are now making their appearance repeat their few words parrot-like. With the assistance of a hidden man, telephone equipment, and a loud-speaker they can be made to answer questions. Even if the lip movements do not coincide with the words you will hardly notice this in your surprise at being answered.

## THE ORATOR'S BUTTONHOLE

### A Little Microphone

Gone are the days when people in the back seats would impatiently request the speaker addressing a public meeting to Speak Up.

He can now address himself in conversational tones to the microphone in front of him and his lightest words are heard in the farthest corners of the hall in which he is speaking.

There is, nevertheless, one occasional bar to this perfect understanding between the orator and his audience. The speaker may sway away from his microphone, and some important phrases may in consequence come through the Loud Speakers only in gusts, or broken off in the middle like the chimes from a clock tower in a high wind.

Science, however, is not at the end of its resources. It has devised a microphone which can be attached to the lapel of the speaker's coat. It weighs only a little over an ounce and is no more than an inch across, so that, fixed in the buttonhole, it might be described as a flower of oratory.

With this device the speaker can wave his arms or sway his body with the utmost freedom of gesture, and his utterances will still flow to the meeting's boundaries with all their flowers of eloquence unimpaired.

## THE DUNNO TREE

An amusing tale is told in Sir Hector Duff's new book, *African Small Chop*, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

A botanist came upon a tree hitherto unknown to Europeans, and asked a native what it was called.

Kaya, replied the man.

So the tree appears in botany books as *Kaya Senegalensis*.

If we want to understand the joke we must imagine a foreign botanist in Hyde Park asking a loafer the name of a tree and being told *Dunno*.

Afterwards he might write a delightful account of the *Dunno Tree*, under whose stately branches the most beautiful ladies, the poorest tramps, and the rosiest babies mingle in the democratic manner of a London crowd.

For *Kaya* merely means *I don't know*.



# OUR COUNTRY ZOO

## A C.N. Run Down to Whipsnade, Where Wild Beasts Roam About

The popular idea of a Zoo is a place where wild animals are seen in cages. But there is nothing like that at Whipsnade, the 500-acre enclosure in Bedfordshire. It is the new type of zoo, the zoo of the future, where

may be seen animals and birds at large in conditions as near as possible to those obtaining in their native haunts. Here let us visit some of the more notable inhabitants of Whipsnade with the C.N. photographer.



The Bactrian camel looks out across the fields of Bedfordshire.

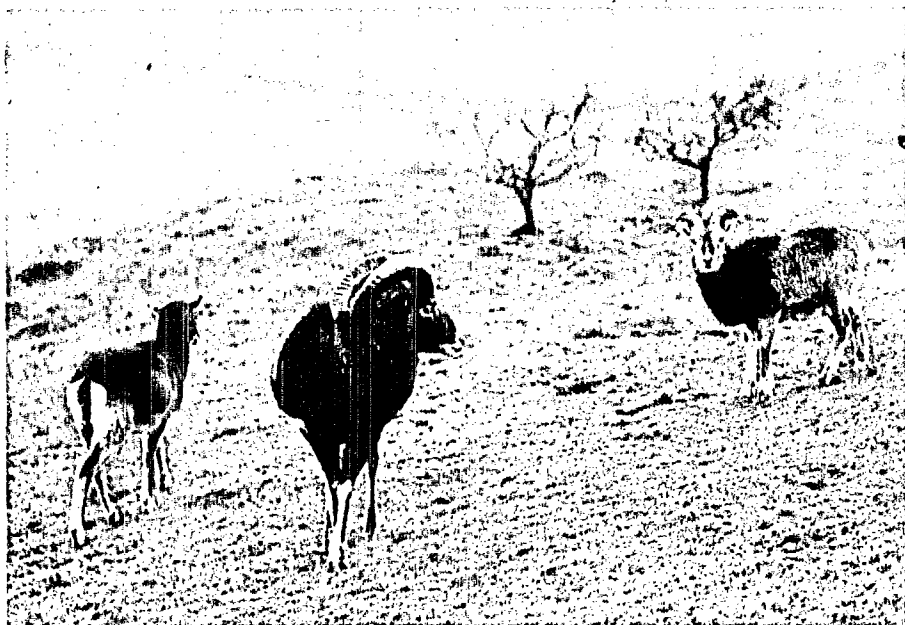


Timber wolves in a setting which might well remind them of their Canadian home.

Whipsnade Zoo lies 600 or 700 feet up on the Chiltern Hills, three or four miles from Dunstable. Besides being a park for the breeding and exhibition of wild animals it has another attractive feature in being a sanctuary for British wild birds and plants.



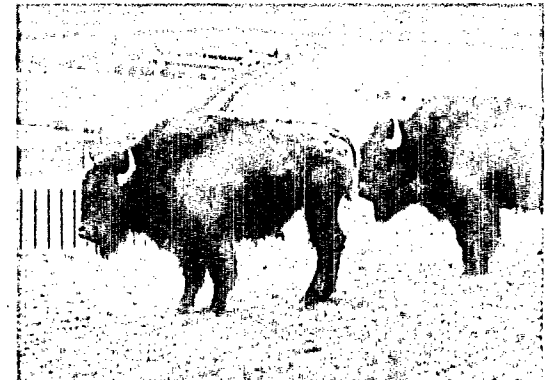
# ANIMALS AND BIRDS FROM THE FIVE CONTIN



A group of mouflon, wild mountain sheep from the Mediterranean islands of Corsica and Sardinia. In their native hills they are very shy.



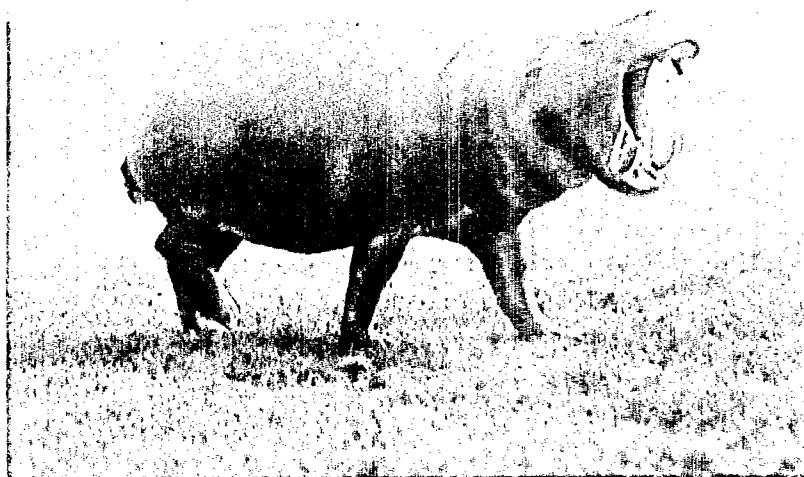
A wallaroo from Australia takes a look round.



Bison from the prairies of North Bedfordshire. They occupy a large



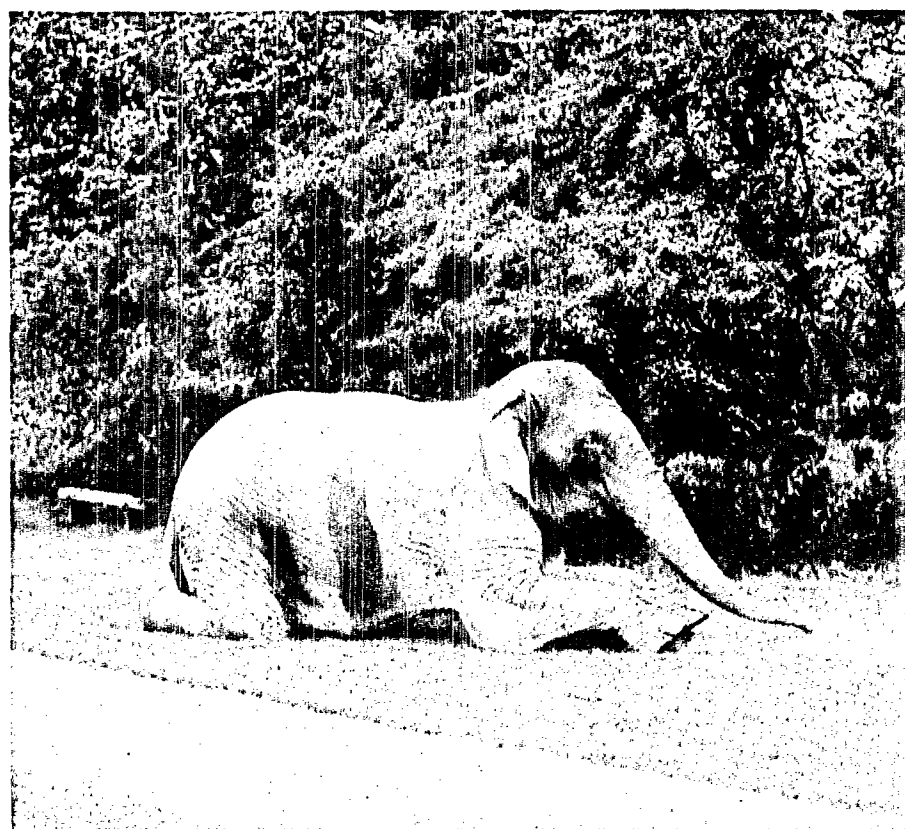
The brown bear from the mountains of Northern Asia.



The pigmy hippopotamus feels bored with life. Unlike the big hippo this species is never found in companies.



An Axis deer of India with a magnificent stag among the bushes.



An elephant on which children enjoy rides in the summer.



A Sarus crane from India.



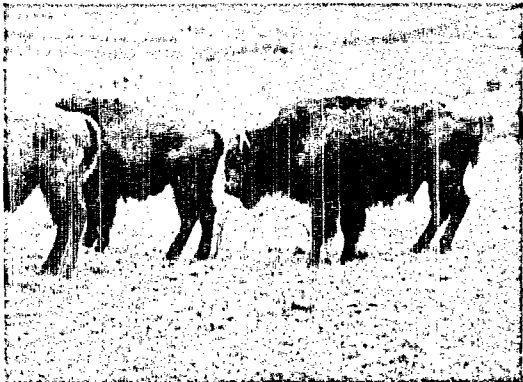
Three lion cubs which were

Until now the only lions in the open at Whipsnade have been the three cubs that were born in the London Zoo, but in future there will be full-

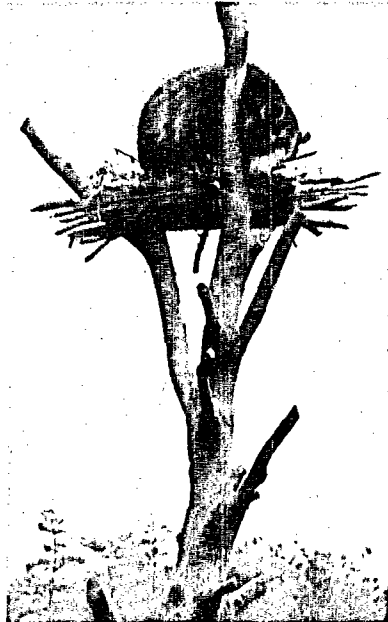
grown lions and tigers. There are some chalk quarries at Whipsnade which seemed to provide ideal dens for these animals, but the chalk



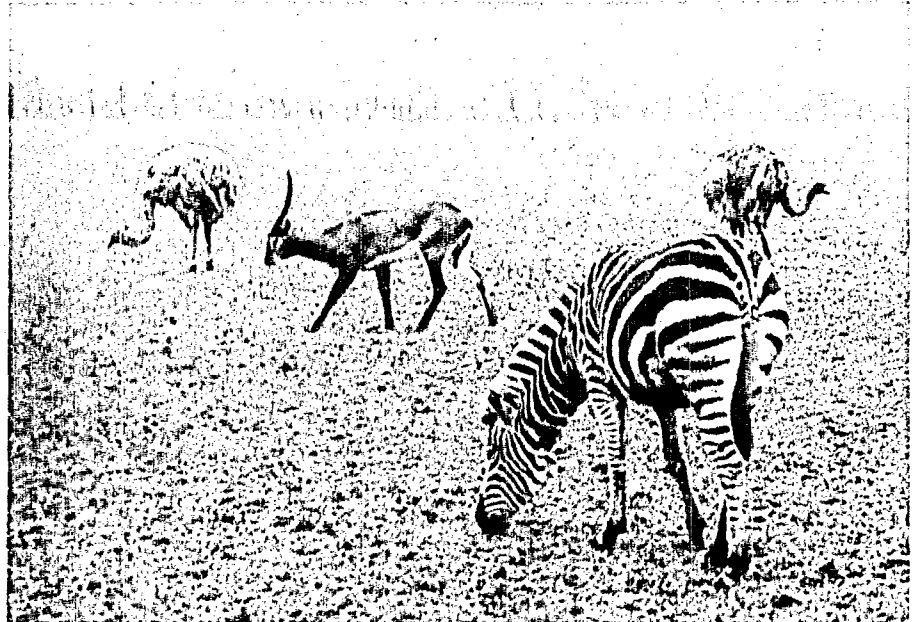
# ENTS MEET ON A HILLTOP IN BEDFORDSHIRE



America in their new home in  
e enclosure known as Bison Hill.



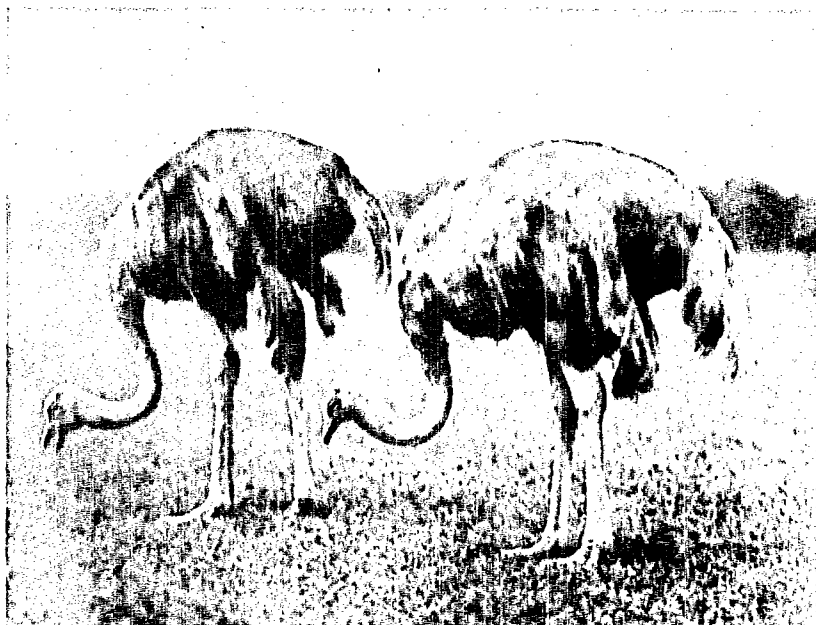
A Himalayan black bear  
in a tree-top look-out.



Ostriches, Lechne water-buck, and a zebra from Africa meet  
again in Spicer's Panorama, the largest enclosure at Whipsnade.



ght unawares—a magni-  
es in the deer enclosure.



Visitors from Africa—a pair of ostriches, the biggest birds  
in the world. The ostrich is sometimes eight feet tall.



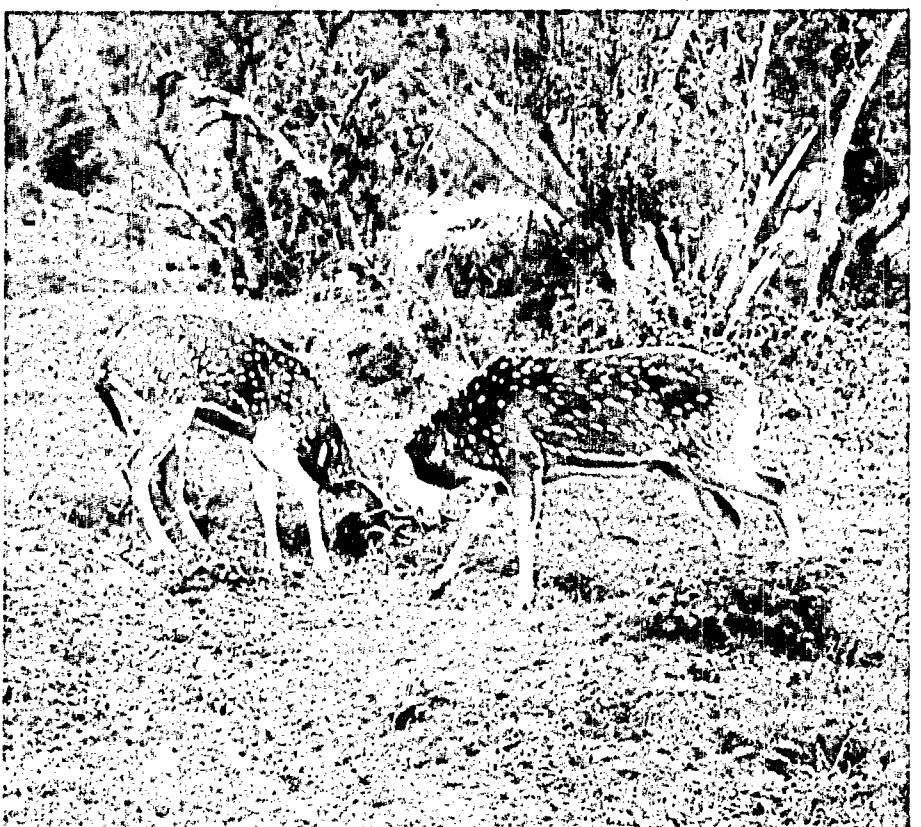
A Himalayan black  
bear takes a seat.



born in the London Zoo.



The Manchurian crane, a very rare bird.

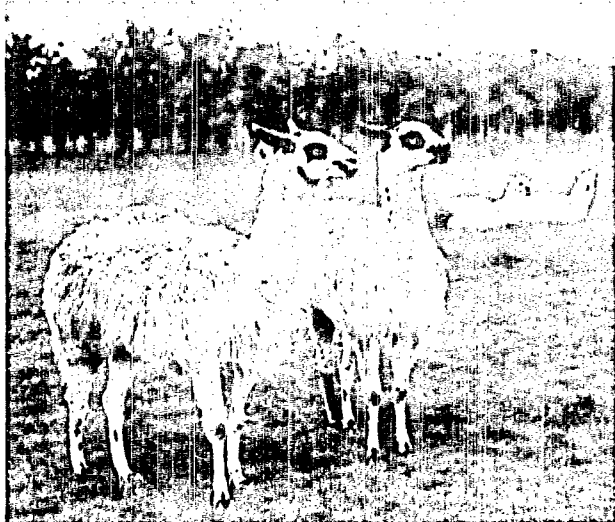


Indian Axis deer engaged in battle.

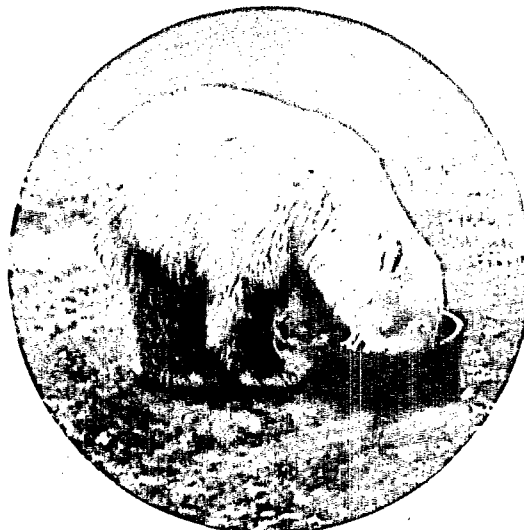
proved to be so brittle that the quarries have had to be faced. They are now to receive fourteen lions and two tigers which have come to Whipsnade from Bostock's Menagerie. It will be interesting to see if these animals appreciate the change from their menagerie wagons.



# WHIPSNADE RESIDENTS RECEIVE THEIR GUESTS



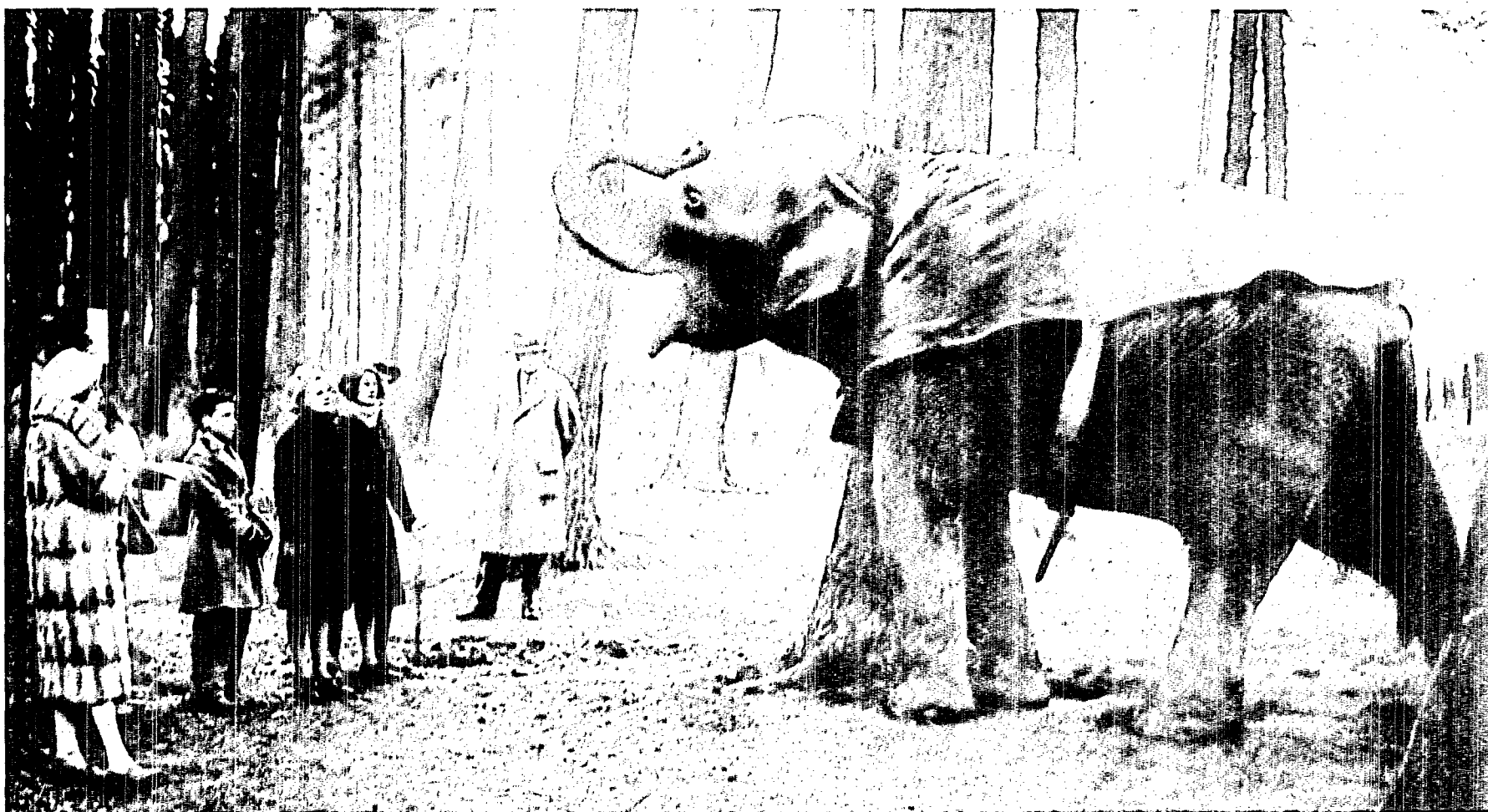
Two llamas from South America survey their new quarters.



Mealtime for the baby Polar bear.



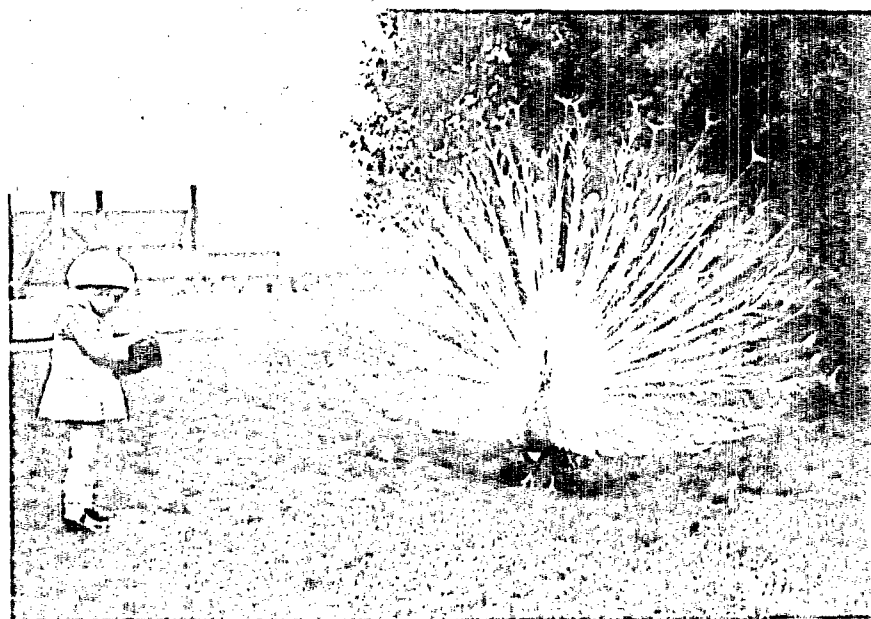
Two zebras from the plains of Africa.



Mutual interest—Visitors to Whipsnade watching Dixie, a former circus elephant, which in turn wonders if they have some tit-bits to offer.



Two wolves greet an old friend who knew them in the London Zoo.



The peacock proudly displays its tail for the benefit of a little photographer.

Many of the paddocks at Whipsnade are enclosed by light fences, but as funds become available it is intended to replace these by deep ditches so that there will be nothing between the eyes of visitors and the animals. The scheme will take years to complete.



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## THE WATCH-BIRD

### The Parrot and the Burglars

The other night M Ourdan, a dentist of Marseilles, took his wife to the theatre. They returned to find their house in great disorder, doors open, drawers pulled out, and a parcel dropped on the floor.

The parcel contained Madame Ourdan's jewellery and some gold blocks stolen from the surgery.

Thieves had watched the pair set out on their little jaunt, and had burgled the house.

What made them fly, leaving their booty behind in a panic?

It was Pretty Polly.

Prudent M Ourdan had trained her to shout and whistle when a stranger came into the house. Patients were only amused at being greeted with a shrieked "This way—we've got them!" and an imitation of police-whistles; but the thieves were not amused at all.

M Ourdan thinks a parrot is a better watch-dog than an Alsatian or a mastiff; and, although the idea is new, it certainly seems good.

## WHERE DID HE GET THAT HAT?

### The Man With 4000

Anyone might lose a hat in these high March winds, but a man who has lost 4000 hats must be the victim of peculiar circumstances.

The peculiar circumstances appear to be that he was robbed of them, for the police found them in heaps and piles and boxes under a railway arch. At the same time they found a costermonger who keeps a pony and trolley under the arch. The hats were peculiarly near the trolley, though not in a position to attract notice.

The coster could give no information on the strange company his trolley kept, or what he was doing, if anything, with so many hats. The missing link, at the North London Police Court, appeared to be the owner, who was sought in order to disclose the circumstances in which he was parted from them.

## MARCH OF THE TRACTOR

### What Russia is Doing With It

The tractor, which is making such a revolution in agriculture, is being produced in great numbers in Russia.

Last year 41,700 were made as compared with 13,400 in 1930. In 1932 it is hoped to raise the output to 82,000. In addition, a new tractor works at Chelyabinsk is to be brought into operation with a capacity of 60,000 caterpillar tractors a year! In addition to her own production Russia imported last year 24,000 tractors from the United States. Three-fourths of the American exportation of this kind in 1931 went to Russia.

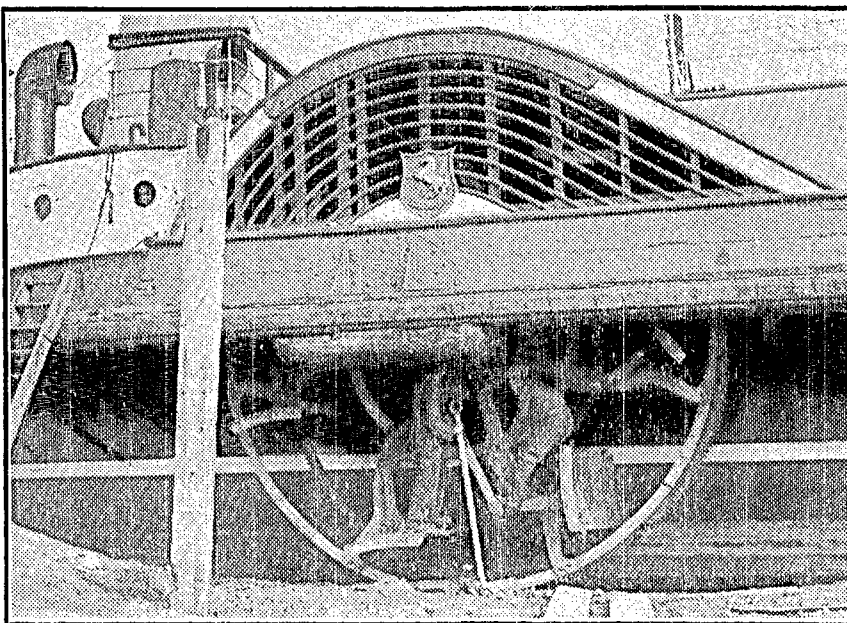
At the end of last year as many as 1500 Government tractor stations were at work, and in two years it is hoped to put tractors at the service of every farm in the country.

## INSURANCE FOR ALL

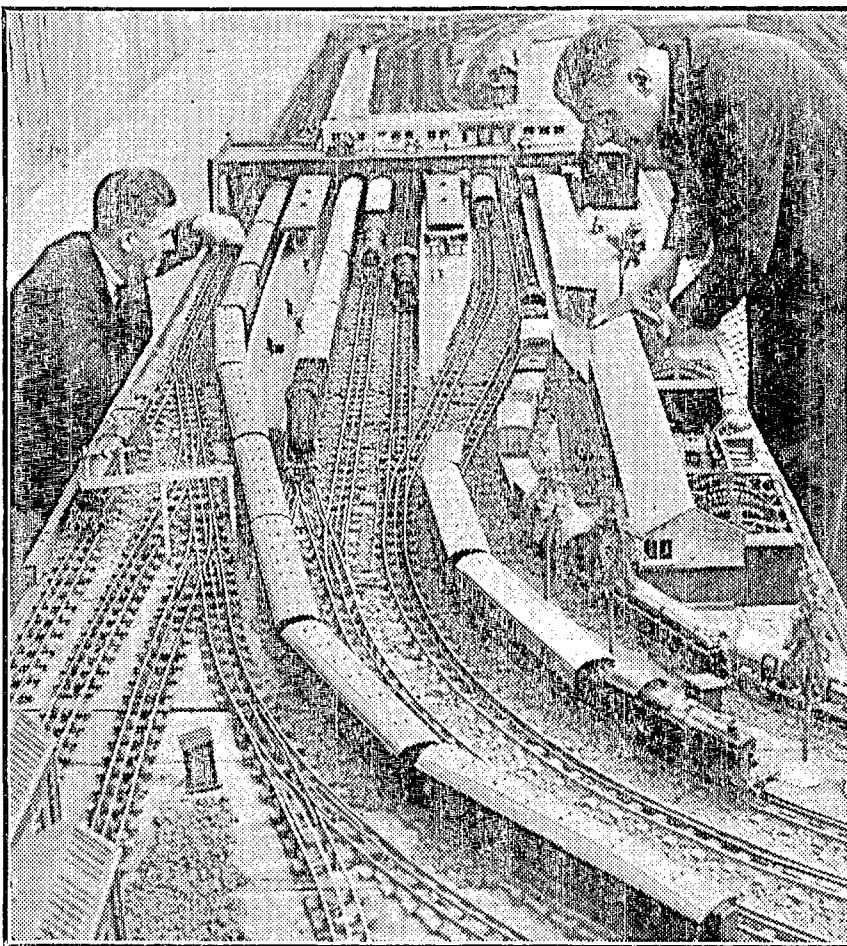
Fifty insurance schemes covering tens of millions of workers have lately been studied by the I.L.O.

Every detail of these varied schemes has been carefully studied in order to prepare a report on insurance for old folk, widows, orphans, and invalids, a question which is to come before the next I.L.O. conference. If a convention be adopted it will complete a full cycle of such decisions on social insurance, conventions on compensation for industrial accidents and diseases, and on insurance for workers.

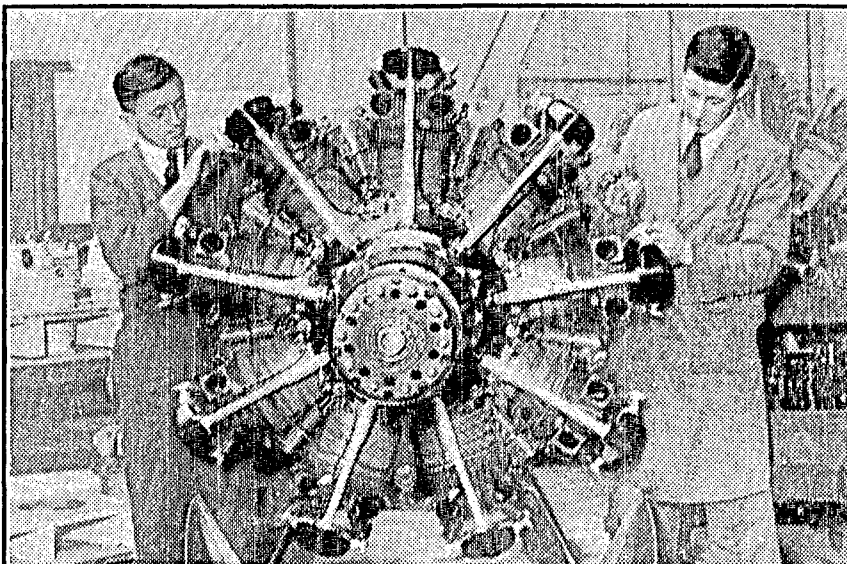
## IN THE REALM OF TRANSPORT



Shipping—The Queen of Thanet, a pleasure steamer which plies during the summer between the Thames Estuary and Calais, is being overhauled at Rochester. Here are men at work on one of her paddle-wheels.



Railways—Most of the famous trains of British railways were represented by models at an exhibition at the Crystal Palace. This picture shows a busy junction.



Flying—A remarkable new aero-engine, the Mercury IV, has been produced by the Bristol Aeroplane Company. It is not very big but it develops 900 horse-power.

## BLOOMSBURY BOOKS

### PUTTING OFF THE SPRING-CLEANING

### A Run Round Hundreds of Desks and Miles of Shelves

### WORLD WITHIN A WORLD

There is to be a new time for spring-cleaning the British Museum Library.

Instead of closing for four days in March and October, which has been the custom since the huge round reading-room was opened 75 years ago, the library is to close the first week in May.

This means that for a whole week that small group of readers whose lives are passed in the library, who are there on the stroke of nine every morning except Sunday (and would be there gladly on Sunday if they might), will have to shape quite a new kind of world for themselves, or wander about homeless in a world that does not contain the British Museum Library.

About 500 others will be seriously upset, and 100 more, after pretending to be upset and talking of books they must really consult that minute, will go away and have a holiday.

### A Great Workroom

No one who has not shared its life knows what a world within a world exists in the British Museum Library, how much ambition, humility, seeking after truth, and how much frivolity and pride and self-seeking, and how much plain, dogged hard work make up the atmosphere of that immense institution.

It is one of the greatest workrooms in the world, and, like all workrooms, has to be kept clean. How to do this without upsetting the seven hundred daily readers is a problem that has troubled the authorities not once but often.

They may say, shaking their heads, "If seven maids with seven brooms swept it for half a year"—in fact, they have said a good deal and done a good deal. A tremendous labour goes on behind the scenes.

### Behind the Scenes

The huge floor of the round room is swept every morning with damp sawdust and parts are scrubbed in rotation; 500 desks and chairs are dusted and rubbed, the massive centre counters, where the catalogues are kept, dusted and rubbed, before the doors open to readers at nine. All day long, behind the scenes, the dusting staff is at work, 54 men going about among these hundreds of thousands of books.

They pass along the grated paths, like the stages in the engine-room of a liner, which lie behind the walls of books under the great dome.

All day long they dust, taking each book separately, carefully. They must not bang the book covers in the good old way we resort to when we take a volume from our top spare shelf in the spare room, for that might injure the covers. They must not use a vacuum-cleaner lest the label might come off. They treat leather-bound books carefully, for apart from hard wear-and-tear there is something in London atmosphere, particularly in the library, that is bad for leather.

### When the Lost Souls Return

In spite of all this regular care a spring-cleaning is necessary. All the books must be removed; those immense double windows of the dome and walls dealt with; shelves cleaned, and everything put back and all the woodwork especially polished. A heroic labour for one week. But it is done.

Then that happy morning dawns when, on the stroke of nine, a score of lost souls can come back to their familiar world, 500 earnest ones settle to their desks, about 100 talk of what they could have done while the library was closed, and life goes on again in the most delightful workroom in the world.



## CABINET UNKNOWN TO THE LAW

### THE CHANGES COMING OVER IT

#### What Will Be the End of the National Government?

#### OUR UNWRITTEN CONSTITUTION

The politicians have begun to wonder what is to be the fate of the National Government.

It is greatly to be hoped that it will continue until the country is well on the way to prosperity again; but the doubt in the situation has come by a factor hitherto unknown in our politics—the agreement of the Cabinet to differ on a subject of vital importance.

It has so far overcome the great difficulty that, composed as it is of statesmen drawn from three different political parties, it necessarily differs on some things, although it is in general agreement on most things.

#### One Difficult Point Settled

The first point of difficulty that has been settled arose from the issue of a tariff. The majority of the Cabinet is in favour of a tariff, but four Cabinet Ministers are against it. It was decided to adopt the policy of the majority, and to leave the four opposing Ministers at liberty either to speak or to vote against the majority.

This decision raises what is called a constitutional point.

It also reminds us of a strange thing about the British Constitution—that it is largely unwritten. For example, our actual government is in the hands of what is called the Cabinet; yet, curious as it may seem, *this Cabinet is altogether unknown to the law*. It is a body which exists by established custom, and not by statute. It is the most important thing in the British Constitution, yet it is unwritten. So with other parts of the British Constitution.

#### A New Precedent

The advantage of this unwritten system is that it affords common-sense opportunity for modification to meet changing circumstances. In the United States the Constitution is written down clearly in words, and can only be changed by the passing of a new law. That often creates difficulties.

In the past, Cabinet responsibility has been considered a vital thing, and it has been the constitutional practice for a Minister to resign as soon as he differed from the Government's policy.

The decision of the National Government, therefore, to adopt a policy by a majority and to give freedom of action to those Ministers who disagree, makes a new Constitutional precedent.

#### Example of Switzerland

It is pointed out that Switzerland long ago met this constitutional difficulty. Switzerland is a country peopled by different races, and the various cantons have sometimes varying interests and opinions. The Swiss Government is a Federal Council of seven members, and it is not picked by a Prime Minister as in our case, but elected by a joint meeting of the two houses of the Swiss Parliament. Each of these seven members of the Government is appointed to the head of an executive department. Often they have varying opinions, for they are elected to represent the heterogeneous composition of the country.

Yet they carry on very well, and usually work quite smoothly, like sensible men. When they differ, the deciding voice rests with the Parliament. This form of government dates from the Swiss Constitution of 1848, and it has gathered power and stability ever since.

The remarkable thing is that this Swiss form of government is really a Permanent National Government. Its members are under no compulsion to agree with one another, and sometimes the Swiss people see a member of the

## WAGES SINCE THE WAR

### How They Have Risen

#### THOSE WHO ARE WORSE OFF AND THOSE WHO ARE BETTER

The Ministry of Labour has now calculated the movement in British wages, comparing August 1914 with December 1931.

It is a valuable report, which everyone should know. We give some representative cases.

Generally it is true that the home trades not subject to foreign competition have done better than the others, so that some workers gained a great deal while others gained little. Further, it should be remembered that, while money wages have risen, the cost of living is still much higher than before the war. Last January it cost a working-class family 47 per cent more to live than in July 1914, if buying the same things. To put this in another way, it now costs £7 7s to buy what £5 bought before the war.

#### The Root of the Matter

Taking a comparison which goes to the root of the matter, we find that engineers who in August 1914 earned roundly 39s a week, now earn 59s, or 52 per cent.

The bricklayer's wages, on the other hand, have risen in the same time from 40s to 69s a week, or 70 per cent.

So, taking account of the increased cost of living, the engineer is hardly better off than of old, while the bricklayer has gained considerably.

When we turn to the miners, who work so arduously and so dangerously, we regret to find that they have actually lost in real wages. Taking all districts, the average earnings per shift have increased from 6s 6d in 1914 to 9s 2d in 1931, an increase of 42 per cent, whereas the cost of living has risen 47 per cent.

Some miners have done better than others, but in Northumberland the increase in money wage has been only 25 per cent, so that there the miners are much worse off than before the war.

#### Some Striking Contrasts

We also find that shipwrights are a little worse off than before the war, though their trade is such a splendid one.

Now let us turn to other trades in which there is no foreign competition, printing and bookbinding. We find that hand compositors, who earned 35s 8d a week before the war, now get roundly 74s, an increase of 107 per cent. Bookbinder's wages have risen from 34s to 73s 6d, an increase of 117 per cent.

Both these trades are thus much better off in actual command of commodities. The same is true of bakers, whose money wages have a little more than doubled. No reader of the C.N. will grudge them their higher wages, but it is strange to think that a baker, who used to be much worse off than a shipwright, is now better off.

Continued from the previous column

Government rising to speak against the argument of one of his colleagues. No ill-will arises, and the Government bows in such a case to the general decision.

This Swiss Constitution, unlike ours, is written, and it must be confessed that it is very successful. In the light of it no one can assert that the decision of our National Government is not worth serious consideration on its merits.

Who knows? May not the day come when we may have a permanent Government whose members are from time to time changed by Parliament, but who may in some cases happily remain undisturbed for many years because of their great value to their country? We of the C.N. have an open mind on the question. We see nothing essentially unreasonable in a country being governed by its best men, and nothing essentially reasonable in the policy of changing one Government for another without regard to the worth and experience of the men concerned.

## HIGH STARS AND LOW STARS

### Leicester For Lenses

We may get too many films from America, but there is at least one comforting thought to console us as we watch them. *Most of them are photographed through British lenses.*

When a really good lens is wanted, especially with the large aperture capable of transmitting the great volume of light needed for films, it is to Leicester that the order is usually sent.

Messrs Taylor, Taylor, and Hobson were pioneers in this type of lens, and they are still leading. Only the other day they obtained a contract for 350,000 lenses, which means altogether about half a million of these wonderful little glasses.

This firm caters for high-brows and low-brows, for high stars in the heavens and low stars at Hollywood, for besides their kinema activities they supply the lenses for many great observatories.

## A GREAT HOST OF STUDENTS

### Russian Youth Moving On

In 1931 nearly 1,500,000 students attended universities, colleges, and technical schools in Russia.

Nearly all these students were industrial workers, peasants, and small farmers, and received free education, while many had small monthly allowances.

About a third of each student's time is devoted to practical work in the subjects he is studying. He works in factories or on farms, is paid at the same rate as a regular worker, and enjoys the same privileges of social insurance.

In recent years student dormitories have been built to solve the housing problem. They are equipped in the most modern manner and have bath-rooms, laundries, clubrooms, reading-rooms, dining-rooms, and post offices.

In the biggest cities the dormitories form little towns of their own with a population of about 5000.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

### How Far Will a Ship of Steel Sink When Wrecked?

It will sink until it reaches the point of equilibrium at which the upward pressure of the column of water below it is capable of supporting it. Steel is so heavy that this point is at a great depth in an ocean.

#### What is the Föhn?

The German name for the warm, moist south wind which, after crossing the Alps, gains heat by compression as it descends on the upland pastures and valleys, and so brings a thaw. In some valleys early sowings depend on it; in others it ripens the grapes in autumn.

#### Of What is Silver Paper Made?

All the beautifully-coloured foils used for wrapping chocolates and so on are made of aluminium, which is much easier to work than tin. It is made up in various widths and sold in rolls exactly like silk ribbon. Very little tin is used today. We are indebted to the courtesy of a C.N. reader at Sheffield for this valued correction of a recent note on this subject.

#### What is Meant by Squaring the Circle?

Describing a square equal in area to a given circle, or finding the area of a circle of given radius. The question resolves itself into that of measuring the circumference of a circle. While it is not possible to express the constant quotient (circumference divided by diameter) exactly in figures, it is possible to express it as an infinite series of terms which continually decrease in magnitude. By calculating the value of a large number of these terms the constant quotient, which is universally denoted by the Greek letter  $\pi$ , has been calculated to more than 700 places of decimals. If  $r$  is the radius of a circle, its circumference is  $2\pi r$  and its area  $\pi r^2$ .

## SWEEPING AWAY THE SLUMS

### One More Queerness in This Queer World

#### ENGLISH PEOPLE PLEASE NOTE

Rarely does a year go by without some dismal and disgraceful revelation of the state of the London slums.

The disgrace is not confined to the East End or to the crowded areas of Bermondsey and the Borough in South London. Paddington, Westminster, Marylebone, Chelsea, all have their slums. The borough of Kensington—the royal borough—is as bad as any of them. We wonder, indeed, if the slums of the West End are not worse than those of the East; certainly they may be described as less forgivable.

Rooms damp, dark, verminous; basements subject to flooding at times of heavy rain, and subject to a backwash of sewage from the drains—all figure in a report which has just been issued.

#### The Dublin Sweep

London's slums—East, West, North, and South—can compete in vileness with any in Britain or in Ireland, not excepting those of Glasgow, Liverpool, or Dublin.

In Dublin they are contemplating a new departure. So much money has been made out of the great gamble of the Irish Sweep that the hospitals which were to benefit have more money than they need. It is proposed to devote the profits of the next Irish Sweep, and the next after that, to the reclamation of Irish slums.

It is one of life's greater ironies that while we in England are living side by side with our own slums we should throw money away in a gamble to abolish Irish slums.

Dean Swift once wrote in reference to his proposed bequest of money for a lunatic asylum in Ireland,

*He left the little wealth he had  
To build a house for fools and mad,  
And showed by one ironic touch  
No nation needed it so much.*

If he were living now he might have thought the fools were in England.

## HOW WE ARE PRODUCING Rather Less Than in 1924

In the old days very few measurements were made of British wealth and industry. Almost the only broad facts available related to our overseas trade.

Now the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Labour, and the Inland Revenue Department feel the pulse of industry.

The Board of Trade measures production by taking the output of the year 1924 and using it as a standard by which to measure present output.

It is found that, taking the production of 1924 as 100, British output last year was represented by 94. Our output fell roundly by six per cent.

If we compare the last three years with 1924 we get in round figures:

1924	..	..	100		1930	..	..	103
1929	..	..	112		1931	..	..	94

We are glad to add that in the last quarter of 1931 there was some improvement, the index rising to nearly 97.

When we come to look at the big trades we find that while gas and electricity improved 43 per cent, iron and steel fell 33 per cent.

Again, food, drink, and tobacco improved 4 per cent while coal fell 18. Chemicals fell by 6 per cent, but textiles fell 23. Engineering and shipbuilding fell by 5 per cent while leather and boots and shoes fell by less than one. All these figures compare last year with the year 1924.

On the whole, it is a little encouraging to find that we produced at the end of last year at a rate only about 3 per cent less, taking all industries together, than in 1924.



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## ECLIPSE THAT TOOK PLACE 120 YEARS AGO

### To Be Seen Next Week

#### BRILLIANT ALGOL AND ITS DARK COMPANION

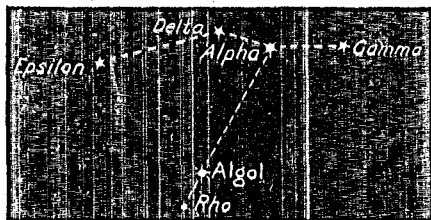
By the C.N. Astronomer

To see one heavenly body temporarily hidden by another, or, as it is called, eclipsed, is always an attractive feature among celestial events.

Many eclipses are stellar eclipses by unseen worlds of enormous size, and take place in various parts of the heavens. Between 200 and 300 such eclipses can be seen from the Earth, but most of them are too remote to be observed without a telescope.

Next week, however, we shall have the opportunity of observing such an eclipse with the naked eye, though it actually occurred 120 years ago. For the great sun we hope to see partially eclipsed is 7,620,000 times as far as our Sun, and so its light will only reach us next week to tell of the event.

The sun is Algol. It is in the constellation of Perseus, and is generally known to astronomers as Beta Persei. It may be found high up in the North-West sky, almost midway between the horizon and overhead. After 9 o'clock Perseus sinks down nearer to the horizon, but its chief stars, including Algol, will be easy to identify with the help of our



The chief stars of Perseus, showing the position of Algol in the North-West sky

star-map, the brilliant star Capella being between Perseus and overhead.

Now, Algol normally appears as a bright, second-magnitude star almost the equal of Alpha in Perseus, and as such it will be seen on Tuesday, March 29. But on the next evening another great, but comparatively dark, body which revolves round Algol will begin to pass between us and that brilliant sun.

In the course of the next four hours it will be seen to decline in brilliance, until soon after 11 p.m. Algol will have lost about five-sixths of its light and dwindled to but little more than fourth magnitude, as can be seen by comparing Algol with the small star Rho in Perseus, about three times the Moon's apparent diameter below Algol.

Actually only about a sixth of the disc of this enormous sun is then visible, the other five-sixths being hidden by the great world which came between us and Algol 120 years ago. This greatest phase of the eclipse lasts from 18 to 20 minutes; then, as the great dark body passes off, in the course of about the next four hours, Algol gradually regains its original brilliance.

#### Giant Sun Hidden

As it takes this great dark world only 2 days, 20 hours, and 49 minutes to travel over its 7,300,000 orbit round Algol another eclipse may be observed on Saturday, April 2, at a more convenient hour to see Algol at its minimum brilliance of central eclipse. This will occur between 8 and 8.30 o'clock, when the star is high in the sky.

We shall not be able to see much of this far-away eclipse, however, on account of the twilight.

It is quite practicable to calculate when successive eclipses (or, as they are called, minima of Algol) occur; but after April 2 no more will be observable, at a convenient time, for nearly three weeks, and by then, Algol will be getting rather too close to the horizon to be easily seen.

G. F. M.

## AT THE MARBLE ARCH

By Our Town Girl

A passer-by at Marble Arch this week was not so much listening to the speakers as wondering why, out of a crowd of people here and there, one should be moved to stand above the others and talk.

Some say these speakers are cranks. They may be, but at least they are enthusiasts. They care enough about something to bubble over with it in speech to an audience. They do not so much hold an opinion as let it loose. They broadcast their ideas in a thunder of certainty, although a speaker here has, in all probability, exactly an opposite opinion to the speaker a hundred yards away. Yet each has made the great discovery of his own particular point of view.

The crowd at the Marble Arch listens, laughs, heckles, shrugs its shoulders, passes on its way, forgets; sometimes remembers. One of these orators has made the same speech for years, and the crowd in a mass says his words ahead of him.

#### Talking Enthusiasts

In his case, of course, his poor brain has been turned a little. By what? By the extremity of his over-anxiety to express to his fellow-beings something of such intense importance to him that he cannot keep it to himself.

Watch any crowd of children playing games of school, or church, and you will see that there is always a particular one who is the master or the minister: one who stands on a chair, or anything that raises him above his companions.

"You are very naughty children and have to be kept in," a little girl was heard to say to six others who sat on a London doorstep below her small standing figure. They all looked very sad about it, which was as they were meant to look. She was the enthusiast of their group, demanding attention.

It is a good thing to be an enthusiast, but it is a good thing, too, that we do not all want to stand on chairs and talk, for some of us must listen, and judge for ourselves.

#### WHO WAS PETRARCH?

Born Arezzo, Italy, 1304. Died Arquà, 1374.

The same decree which banished Dante from Florence sent into exile the father of Petrarch, who settled at Arezzo, where the founder of the Classical Revival was born.

From his earliest years Petrarch devoted himself to the study of literature, and in the days of his youth wrote the lovely lyrics which have maintained his fame undimmed for six centuries. The death of his father left him without means, and he had to enter the Church. He never became a priest, but held various minor benefices. Kings competed for the distinction of having him at their Courts.

The Laura whom he immortalised he first met when he was 23. She is supposed to have been the wife of Hugo de Sade, and to have been the mother of eleven children. Petrarch's passion for her was of the purest and loftiest order, as was that of Dante for his Beatrice.

At 35 Petrarch was recognised as the first scholar and poet of his age, and was crowned laureate in Rome. His life for many years was passed at Courts and in the society of the most learned and cultured men in Europe. His literary output was prodigious, and he considered that the work he did in his later years would be the work on which his fame would rest. As a fact, it was forgotten or eclipsed in a later age and is never read in our own. Petrarch lives in the exquisite poems of his youth.

## C. L. N.

### A Parable From Geneva

#### THE GREAT WORLD TREE

Number of Members—32,407

One of the speakers at Geneva has been comparing the human race to a great world tree, and it seems a good way of putting it. Let us think it out.

Once upon a time there was a tree which had many branches. Every branch had leaves; some more than others; and there came a time when very strange things happened to the leaves. For some reason the leaves of one branch began to dislike the leaves of other branches. They did not look the same, the grumbling leaves said. When the wind came the other leaves did not shiver and shake; when the rain came they did not seem to get so wet; when the Sun was shining they did not dry up so easily; and altogether they seemed to have a better time—more sun, more air, more space.

#### The Jealous Leaves

Of course any sensible human being would think all these reasons for dislike very silly, but presently the dislike grew so strong that they became jealous of one another, and protested that others were getting more sun or less rain, or were higher up, or lower down, or anything silly they could think of.

So they tried waving their branch so strongly that it crashed against another one, and smashed all its leaves and battered it terribly. Then they felt very satisfied with themselves, because they could have more sun and air and space in which to expand. And they were actually quite pleased to see the other branches from which they had beaten off the leaves begin to shrivel and die.

#### Mother Earth Speaks

But presently they began to feel rather uncomfortable; something was happening to themselves. They were no longer so beautifully green and fresh; they were no longer crisp and firm; the sap was not rising so richly, the vigour and life of the tree seemed to be dwindling away.

Then Mother Earth spoke to them, and this is what she said:

Did you not know that because you were all branches of the same tree you could not hurt one branch without harming all the rest? Had you forgotten that the tree breathes and takes in nourishment from the air through its leaves? By destroying so many of them you have harmed the whole tree and you yourselves suffer.

You have been ignorant and stupid. It is high time that you had more sense and learned that the leaves and the branches and the tree are all one, and you cannot harm one part without hurting the whole. Remember that you all belong to the same tree from which you draw your strength, and then you will live and let live in peace.

And now, if we talk of the leaves as people, the branches as nations, and the tree as the whole human race, we shall see what a good parable this is of the world, and shall understand how stupid are the things that divide the nations from one another.

By joining the C.L.N. we shall help to bring the nations together, to nourish the great world tree so that it may grow and spread its branches over the peaceful Earth.

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: C.L.N.,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,  
London, S.W.1.

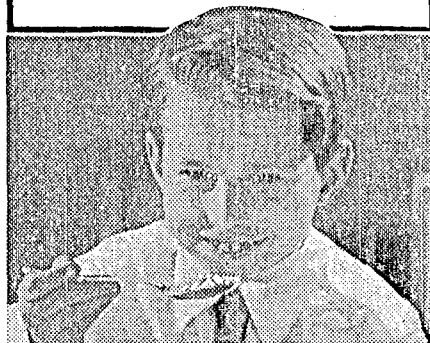
No C.L.N. letters to be  
sent to the C.N. office.

Each application  
should enclose six-

pence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

Acroplane trips to Yarmouth are to be started this spring. We shall be able to go from London for the day.

It's a joy  
to see  
them eat



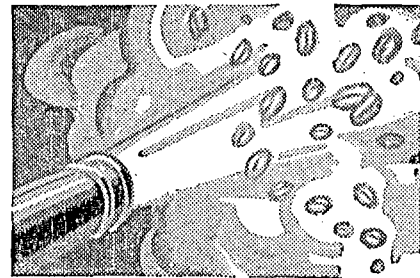
Young WILLIAM is insistent about his breakfast. It must be Puffed Wheat . . . those fat, golden brown grains, tempting to the most lazy appetite. How he enjoys them . . . and what nourishment they provide.



MARY prefers Puffed Rice . . . so that solves the problem as far as Mother is concerned. She knows that her children are enjoying the most delicious 'ready to eat' cereals ever prepared, and are getting nourishment in its best and most appetising form.

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## NEWS OF NEWTON SOMETHING MOST OF US DID NOT KNOW

### An Unexpected Document of a Great Man's Life

#### A COLONEL'S GOOD WORK

One of those excellent pieces of work that can never be rewarded by money is Colonel de Villamil's new book on Newton the Man, lately published by Knox at 3s 6d. It is a pity that the book has not been more handsomely produced, for it is a real document of English history.

One day Colonel de Villamil read in an old book that when the great Sir Isaac Newton died in 1727 an inventory was made of all the worldly possessions he had left behind him.

#### The Missing Inventory

At once the author set to work searching for this inventory, but nowhere could he find it. He had almost given up hope when to his great joy he unearthed the document in Somerset House, among the records of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. It was a 17-foot-long parchment made of several skins stitched together, each bearing an old blue sixpenny stamp. One of the items shows that at the time of his death there were about 1900 books in his library, with "above one hundred-weight of pamphlets and wast books."

A man's character is reflected largely in his library. Colonel de Villamil's further discovery of the complete catalogue of Newton's library made at the time of his death is of great importance and interest, for it reveals much to us which might never have been known of Newton the Man.

#### A Surprising Discovery

Like Sherlock Holmes, our ingenious colonel went on following up clues, and made the surprising discovery that much of Newton's library is still intact. For about 200 years the books chosen and handled by Newton have remained together. Only a few years ago many were sold in bundles at rubbish prices, for nobody knew they formed part of Sir Isaac Newton's library. But nearly 900 volumes of the original library were left, and these are still to be seen at Barnsley Park, Gloucestershire, with the old pressmarks on most of them.

It was here that Colonel de Villamil discovered the catalogue. He also found a later one at the British Museum. This was the list made by John Huggins, warden of the Fleet Prison, who bought the library for £300 after the death of Newton. He sent it to his son Charles, who was rector of Chinnor in Oxfordshire. When Charles Huggins died his books were bought by Dr James Musgrave, who had married his niece, and until this century they have remained in the family of Musgrave-Wykeham.

#### Science and Poetry

In Newton's library there was an almost complete absence of English classics such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Milton. The scientist evidently did not care for poetry. He said to a friend (so it is recorded) that poetry is a kind of ingenious nonsense. Utility was everything to him, and he had almost a contempt for the beautiful.

The inventory of his household goods, complete with his brown teapot, six chocolate cups, and even the fish-kettles and saucepans, reveal that Newton must have lived simply, with little luxury. This Master of the Mint and President of the Royal Society, who had an income of over £2000 and left £32,000, had only two suits of clothes when he died. There was no cupboard or chest of drawers, not even an oak case in his bedroom.

With the help of the inventory Colonel de Villamil draws us an imaginary picture of Newton during one of his friend Flamsteed's early morning visits to his house in St Martin-in-the-Fields. While they sit at the card-table drinking

## BRAVE CANADA The Rain That Did Not Come

What is enthusiasm? Canada knows. During the last Canadian music festivals a clarinet player drove 250 miles in an open car through a series of severe duststorms to play a piece which lasted two minutes.

That man had a right to say that he loved music. Love is not too strong a word. His story is told by Mr Plunket Greene, who was one of the judges. He has returned home with a deep admiration for Canadian character.

Last June Mr Greene was judging at Moose Jaw in Southern Saskatchewan. There had been no rain for three years. The people and their wheat had lived on the winter snows, but there had been no snow that winter. The prairie was a desert of dust, piled six feet high in places over the starving wheat.

#### Splendid Fortitude

Suddenly the hall grew dark. A woman cried out "The rain!"

All round the hall voices took up the joyous news: "Rain! rain!"

Rain! It meant that they might yet be saved from ruin.

O, thrice blessed cloud!

But it was not a raincloud.

The darkness was a sandstorm which swept over the city, piling everywhere furrows of grey dirt.

Nobody shed a tear. There was no outcry. The four judges from England were amazed at the appearance of happiness and unconcern kept up by their hosts. You would have thought that Canada lived on music and grew wheat as a hobby.

Is there not something magnificent about fortitude like that?

Continued from the previous column

chocolate and playing backgammon. Mrs Conduitt, Newton's niece, who lived with him, comes in to tell Uncle Isaac what clothes he is to wear, reminding him that as the King is coming to the Mint he must not forget to put on his silver-hilted sword. The manservant brings up his master's well-brushed wig on its perruque stand, mentioned in the inventory. Later the sedan chair, kept in the stable, is brought round; the servant hails some chair porters, and Newton, having selected one of his two sticks, starts off. Probably he goes down to the river, and from Charing Cross proceeds by barge to the Mint.

#### The South Sea Gamble

Sir Isaac Newton has been censured for buying South Sea stock, but the scientist had sound business views, and as even the Royal Society had bought shares a fortnight earlier this must have seemed a safe investment to him. If Newton had sold out in time he would have made over £20,000. Colonel de Villamil believes that Newton's reasons for not doing so were that he did not consider this an honest way of earning money. He realised it was a great gamble, and that he would only be making himself rich by making other people poor.

There are many other interesting details about Newton in this book. When he was a boy he loved to fly paper kites, making them himself in scientific shapes so that they might catch the wind as well as possible. He also made lanterns of crumpled paper to light him to school on dark winter mornings. At night he sometimes tied them to the tails of his kites "in order to terrify the country people, who took them for comets."

In the library of the Royal Society is a chair called Newton's chair. He had done a good deal of carpentering when he was a boy. Colonel de Villamil thinks this chair may well be the work of Newton's own hands, for it is evidently made by an amateur, the arms and the design being faulty although the joinery is well done. If the colonel is right, this chair is one of England's great possessions.

## A TALK WITH A CONCIERGE

### KEEPING CHEERFUL AT 70

### The Way of the World at the Back of the Stage

### THE GREAT WAR AND A DREAM

From Our Paris Correspondent

Rose is an old Paris concierge with whom everyone delights to talk. Most of those who listen feel a little richer for it. She has found the secret of being young and cheerful at 70.

"You know, miss, I am not a real concierge," she explained the other day. "I can do better things than cleaning staircases and pulling doors open. Shall I tell you how I earned my first money?"

"My father was property man at the great theatre in Toulouse. One night he realised that a baby was needed in the play and he had forgotten to provide one. He sent for me in haste, and at five months old I made a triumphant first appearance on the stage and earned five shillings."

#### Sarah Bernhardt's Diamond

"The second time money came my way was a great day. I was eight. Sarah Bernhardt had given a brilliant performance, and I was hanging about the back stage after the play when the great actress rushed distracted from her dressing-room. She had lost a diamond."

"With a burst of childish sympathy I cried out that I would find it for her; 'I promise I will,' said I. 'Do not worry.' But how difficult I found it to keep my promise, for the floor of the stage sparkled with thousands of small crystals sprinkled during the play. I searched for two or three hours—but I found the diamond; and I shall always remember that wonderful woman beaming with joy and holding out a hundred-franc note before my bewildered eyes."

#### Sympathy's Reward

"The following year she came on tour again. I was the first person she asked for, and she smuggled a gold coin into my hand. It happened again the next year and in many of the following years. I learned that the money had less to do with her diamond than with the sympathy I had shown and the desire to make her happy again."

"At ten years old I earned another fifty francs. The theatre was to give a matinee for the poor of the town, and the great thing was to keep expenses down. Which play would be best?"

#### A Tremendous Success

"Having heard my father discussing it, an idea suddenly came to me. Suppose they gave a show that would cost nothing at all? Suppose all the workpeople offered to show the public their own lives on the stage? It might be called The Back of the Stage. Each employé could play his own part, the part he played every day: the director as the director, my father as property man, and so on. Would this not be new and exciting? It seemed just the right idea, and made a tremendous success."

And so the story of Rose went on, over seventy years. When her father died the Toulouse theatre entrusted her with his work. She married, and a boy was born to her. Her husband died soon after, and Rose worked all the harder to make her son a doctor. Most of her wages she spent on his studies.

It was her dream, and it was to come true, for her boy took his degree. Then, alas! the Great War burst upon the world and the boy was killed.

"Well," concluded the old concierge, "I cannot believe that this pathetic experience of mine, which is that of millions of women, will be of no use for the future of the world. I cannot imagine mankind repeating such wars for ever, and my daily consolation is to know that something good is bound to come out of it all."

## ZOO SQUIRRELS WHO DISAPPEARED

### THE HOLE IN THE ROOF

### Little Creatures Who Changed Their Headquarters

### TWEEDLEDEE MAKES A FRIEND

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A collection of American ground-squirrels exhibited in the Rodent House have evidently decided that the Zoo's housing arrangements are too commonplace, for these enterprising little animals are now making themselves at home in novel surroundings of their own choosing.

The first intimation of the squirrels' intention of changing their headquarters was the mysterious disappearance of straw from the sleeping-box provided for them by the Zoo.

The straw vanished regularly for several days, and then one morning the keeper made the surprising discovery that the number of squirrels in his charge had suddenly diminished from thirteen to three.

#### A Home in the Rafters

He searched the cage, but could find no sign of the missing animals and no clue to the solution of the mystery until at last he looked up at the ceiling. There, in a dark corner, he saw a small hole.

The rodents had climbed to the top of the wires with which their cage is fronted and had become interested in the possibilities suggested by the ceiling. They had then gnawed and scratched the plaster, and so made a hole large enough for them to pass through.

And now, somewhere behind the ceiling or right up in the rafters, they have a new home, a home from which they cannot be expelled till a section of the ceiling in the Rodent House has been pulled down.

The squirrels seem completely satisfied with the result of their labours, and make no attempt to conceal the fact that they have changed their headquarters. They descend regularly into the den to feed and are often to be seen carrying straw and food upstairs.

Another item of news from the Rodent House is that the loneliest animal in this house, and perhaps the loneliest in the Zoo, has found a friend.

#### The Lonely Aye-Aye

This lonely animal is Tweedledee, the aye-aye. When his twin brother Tweedledum died the remaining aye-aye began to lead a hermit's life. As these rare and strange animals from Madagascar are strictly nocturnal in their habits Tweedledee is never on view during the day, and nothing will induce him to leave his sleeping-box to make friends with visitors even for a few minutes. So, for a time, the aye-aye had no companionship of any kind.

Recently, however, two or three examples of the cavy (a rodent resembling a large guinea-pig) and several chipmunks, or chipping-squirrels, were placed in his den.

At first Tweedledee took no notice of his housemates, but one day one of the chipmunks began to venture into the aye-aye's sleeping-box; and evidently his visits were appreciated, for now the two are close friends.

The little squirrel is usually to be seen sitting in Tweedledee's box. He even carries his food there; but as the chipmunk has not managed to make the aye-aye emerge in daylight no one knows if they play together at night.

#### PICTURES FOR THE WAITING-ROOM

One of the principal railway stations in Boston, U.S.A., has installed a picture theatre for passengers waiting for trains.

Only very short pictures will be shown, but we wonder whether it will be always possible to time a picture to end just before the train comes in.



March 26, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

# THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by  
T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 49 Downstream

BETWEEN them the four had just launched the boat, which had taken them two days hard work to build. As time was so short they had made up their minds not to cross the river but to run straight down it, to the point where the San Gabriel River ran into it. In fact, they would travel all the way home by water.

The boat was what the Indians call a balsa, a cross between a boat and a raft, built of a kind of wood lighter than cork.

As they had no nails they had had to fasten the logs together with wooden pegs. The whole was lashed with bush-rope, and they had cut a lot of creepers to use as tow-ropes for letting her down the rapids.

They had made their paddles, one a big one which was fixed in the stern to act as a rudder, the other two to paddle with.

Derek frowned. "She's a rum-looking craft. I have my doubts as to whether she'll hold together in the rough water."

"We'll know all about that pretty soon," Tod answered. "The first rapid, the one we saw under the broken bridge, will try her out. Let's load up."

They lashed their goods on a sort of deck which they had made in the centre of the boat, and then came the saddest part of the day's work, the parting with Manacan.

The boys had wished to take the faithful Indian home with them, but he had decided to go back with his donkeys. He declared he would get past the wild Indians in safety, and that he would spend the winter at the village from which the donkeys came. They gave him all the money they had with them, and all of their camp equipment and clothes which they did not actually need. Also six fine emeralds. If he did win back to his own home he would be a rich man for life.

He shook hands with each in turn, then he made a little speech.

"You good fellows," he said in English. "I very sorry I not see you again. I hope you get home safe and all be very happy." Then he stood like a brown statue on the bank, watching them as they embarked.

Derek slipped the mooring-rope, Tod drove in his paddle, and the balsa moved smoothly out into the stream. The boys turned and waved to Manacan, then the strong current caught the boat and switched her round a bend.

"A mighty good chap, Manacan," said Tod, but Derek did not answer. At that moment he could not speak. He had not much time for thought because almost at once rocks showed above the surface, and both he and Tod had to paddle hard to avoid them.

Within less than half an hour they were at the head of the deep ravine. The whole air throbbed with a dull thunder of sound. "Got to run it," cried Tod. "There's no beach for towing."

The noise grew in volume, the balsa travelled faster. Next moment its bow tilted downward and the clumsy craft went whizzing down the long slope of white water.

A rock heaved up like a black ghost ahead, Derek drove in his paddle and the balsa shaved past. They tore onward through a roaring so tremendous that neither of the boys could hear what the other said. The speed was breath-taking and the spray fell upon them like a rain-storm. They were now lifted high on a swelling billow, then flung down into a deep hollow.

Again and again it seemed the boat must be smashed upon the jutting boulders, yet each time Derek and Tod between them managed to ward off disaster.

"Watch out!" yelled Tod at the pitch of his voice. "Whirlpool!"

They were at the end of the rapid, but here the cross current sent the whole volume of water into a great spin. Once caught in that deadly whirl it was all up.

Derek understood. The corded muscles of his forearms swelled as he paddled furiously, and Tod's powerful shoulders helped. The balsa swerved. For a moment she seemed to hang as if a giant's hand had clutched her keel. Then the desperate drive of the paddles freed her and she was safe in smooth water.

Tod laughed. "This is better than walking, Derek. I guess we came a mile in two minutes that time."

"You did jolly well, old man," said Derek, "but don't crow until we're out of the canyon. Remember we still have the Place of Bears to tackle."

"I don't care if it's the Place of Tigers," declared Tod. "Can't be any worse than the one we've just been through."

"You wrong," said Kespi from the stern. "We find much badder rapids."

For a time the big river carried them onward so swiftly and smoothly that by mid-day they had covered thirty miles. They landed for dinner on a spit of sand, from which they dug up a lot of freshwater turtle eggs, and Tod made a capital omelette. A troop of large, coffee-coloured monkeys watched them from the trees on the bank and chattered loudly.

"Telling us just what they think of us, I reckon," said Tod, as he flung an egg at them. A big old monkey caught it and hurled it back; and this was followed by a shower of nuts and rubbish which literally drove them from their camping place and forced them to get aboard and clear out, with all speed. The monkeys followed, swinging from tree to tree, scolding angrily.

An hour later a dull roar in the distance warned them of another rapid, which they approached cautiously. It was short, but so steep it was almost a cataract, and there was a very bad whirlpool at the bottom. Luckily there was a ridge of rocks on the right bank, so they landed, took their goods out of the balsa, and portaged them to the bottom. They then let the balsa down with bush-ropes. In the whirlpool she rolled over and disappeared altogether in the central suck, but luckily the rope held, and they were able to drag her out and pull her to shore.

That night they camped on a shingle beach, having covered a distance of at least fifty miles since starting.

## CHAPTER 50 When the Rope Broke

"THERE are those monkeys again!" Tod pointed as he spoke, and Derek, glancing up, caught a glimpse of a brown figure among the thick trees bordering the high bank.

"Monkey," he repeated; "that's not a monkey, it's a man."

"You right," said Kespi. "Indian man."

"Not the Golliwogs!" Tod exclaimed.

"I no think they Beni men," Kespi answered; "but you paddle quick."

Tod's blade dipped, so did Derek's, and the balsa shot away like a live thing.

No one spoke until they had passed the next bend and come to a wider stretch. There they drove the canoe over toward the far bank and felt happier, for they were now out of range of the arrows which these river Indians shoot from their long wooden blow-pipes, and which are poisoned with the deadly curare. The merest scratch from one of these darts is certain death. From the distance came a dull roar.

"More rapids," said Tod. "Big one this time," Kespi remarked quietly. "I think him Place of Bears."

"It sounds like a whole menagerie," grinned Tod, who was never more cheerful than when danger threatened.

The nearer they came the more certain it was that something unusual was ahead of them. The banks rose, the river narrowed, and the force of the current sent the balsa flying forward. They rounded a curve and saw before them the whole river falling away in a mass of snowy foam. With quick strokes the boys forced the balsa to the right-hand bank, and Derek held her to a rock.

"We can't run this," he said. "We'll have to portage and let her down by the rope."

"You right," said Kespi. "No can run this swift water. You land. I go look."

They found a place where they could tie up the balsa and lift her contents out on a big, flat rock, and while they did this Kespi went forward. It was some time before he came back, and his lined old face was graver than usual.

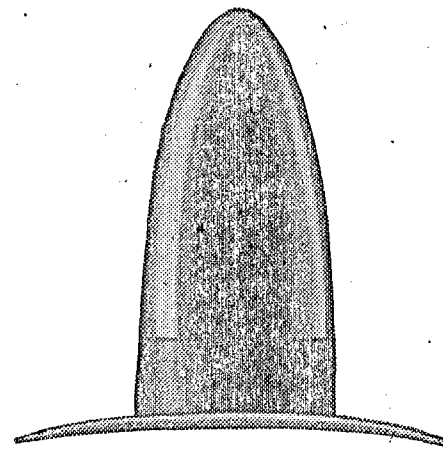
"It bad place," he said, "but I think we go past all right. First we carry things, then we let down balsa."

If Kespi allowed that anything was bad the boys knew it was really so, but even they were not prepared for what was before them. Half-way down the rapid the rocks which lined it were covered by a huge mass of loose boulders fallen from the cliff above. A lot of big trees had come down with the fall, making a barrier which they had to cut through with their axe before they could pass at all.

The worst of it was that some of the great crooked branches and roots extended out over the rapid, and all these had to be cleared to leave room for the passage of the tow rope. It was not only hard work but desperately dangerous, for the rocks

Continued on the next page

EYE-OSITIES NO. 4



## WHICH IS GREATER WIDTH OR DEPTH?

"Golden Shred" is what it seems to be.  
Purity, tonic goodness, digestibility—all  
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## ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

ALTHOUGH it is thirteen years since the first flight was made from England to Australia the journey by air is still a thrilling adventure. One of the men who has made this remarkable journey across the world tells of his emotions and experiences in the new number of My Magazine. Below are some of the other articles in the April issue, now on sale—one shilling.

The Optimist Dreams and Wakes Again  
Seven Wonders of Europe  
The Wild Life About Us  
The World According to Genesis  
The Steel Skeleton of the Modern World

Among the pictures is a wonderful collection of photographs of the lion family at home, in the wilds and in the zoos.

## MY MAGAZINE

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were slippery with spray, and whoever was using the axe had to be held by the others by a rope round his body. It took three hours to make the passage, and by the time they had all their stuff down at the lower end the boys were glad of a rest.

Using some of the dead wood they built a small fire and made coffee, and after their meal Kespi insisted that they take a full hour before they went back for the balsa.

"She's going to pull pretty hard," Tod remarked. "We'll have to be careful."

Derek nodded. "We'll need an extra long rope," he said, "to get her round the end of that big slide."

"That right," Kespi agreed. "You tie him, Tod, and tie him strong."

Tod selected a second length of bush-rope and carefully spliced it to the first, then they pushed the balsa off.

Next moment the rope tightened and the balsa was plunging like a frightened horse in the spouting waves.

"I wish we had Manacan along," panted Tod, as he slipped on the broken rocks.

Over and over again the balsa threatened to pull them all off the slippery rocks into the roaring river. Every now and then they were forced to take a turn of the rope around a jutting crag and rest a little. Their arms felt as if they were being pulled out of their sockets.

At last they reached the slide, and here had to keep well up on the rocks, for the edge close to the water was too steep for safe foothold. To do this they were forced to let out the rope right to its end. The roar of the rapid in this confined space was deafening. They were all very nearly exhausted.

Then Tod, trying to step across a gap too wide for his short legs, slipped and fell, losing his hold on the rope. In a flash Derek realised that he and Kespi between them could not hold the balsa, and with quick presence of mind took a turn of the rope around a projecting tree root.

The sudden strain proved too much for the bush-rope; it snapped in two. Before their horrified eyes the balsa drove swiftly down the rapid and vanished in the whirlpool at the bottom.

Tod scrambled to his feet, and Derek did not like the look on his face. He bolted forward, but Derek caught and held him.

Continued in the last column

## JACKO FIXES THE CLOTHES-LINE

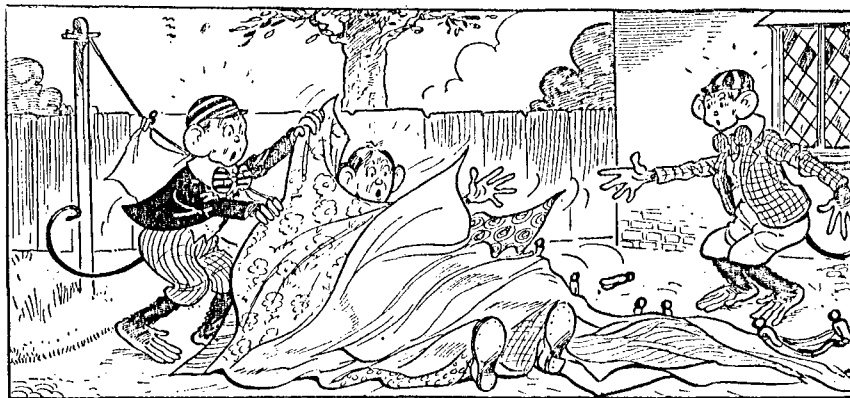
JACKO was playing in the garden one day when Chimp's head appeared over the wall.

"Look here," he began, "what's all this craze about skipping?"

Jacko didn't know what he meant.

"You're a smart lad!" scoffed Chimp.

"Why, the papers are full of it. Skip and keep fit, they say. Even my dad's started his daily dozen!"



Out crawled an indignant Mrs Scrubbs

"I'd like to see my dad go in for it," grinned Jacko. "Let's find a rope and have a turn," he suggested.

But there wasn't one to be found, and after searching round without any luck Jacko caught sight of the clothes-line.

"Who's a smart lad now?" he cried. In a twinkling he had mounted a stool and unfastened the rope.

Chimp started skipping first, but he was so clumsy that his feet soon got entangled. Down he went, plop!

Jacko got on much better. His nimble feet tripped easily about, and his cheeks grew redder as the rope flew faster and faster.

"Coo! It's grand!" he shouted. "I'm going to skip for ever!"

"Indeed you're not!" interrupted a voice, and the rope was whisked from him by an angry charlady.

"Just like your impudence when I'm waiting to hang out these blankets!" she exclaimed.

It always annoyed Mrs Scrubbs when Jacko was at home on washdays,

and she was anything but sweet if he got in her way.

"All right, keep calm!" retorted Jacko huffily. Then he quickly fixed the line again and marched off with Chimp into the house.

A little later the boys heard a shriek which sent them running to the garden.

To Jacko's horror the line had given way and the blankets were all in a heap on the ground.

"Help!" he muttered as he started to pick them up.

The next second he too gave a shriek, for from underneath the heap crawled an indignant Mrs Scrubbs.

"Let me go!" Tod cried fiercely. "It's my fault. I've got to go after her."

It was all that Derek and Kespi could do between them to hold him.

"You silly ass!" said Derek sharply.

"What good will it do to any of us if you drown yourself? And it wasn't your fault any more than mine or Kespi's."

"That true," said Kespi, who as usual kept very calm. "But I not think it so bad. All things safe except boat."

"What good will they do us?" groaned Tod. "We can't get out of this gorge; the cliffs are too steep to climb. We've grub for a week, and after that we shall starve. If I hadn't been such a fool—"

"Oh, stop it!" said Derek impatiently. "We've been in tight places before. We'll find some way out."

"I think we find way out pretty easy," said Kespi, and there was an odd little note of triumph in his quiet voice which startled Derek.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"You look. Balsa, he come out again."

Kespi pointed, and to his amazement Derek saw that the boat had been flung up out of the maw of the whirlpool and was floating down the quiet stretch below.

Hardly able to believe their eyes, they watched it drift across to the far side of the river and come to rest on a point of shingle running out into the river. In a moment Tod had forgotten all his remorse.

"Say, Lady Luck is sure looking after us!" he cried. "I'll get her back."

He broke away and went jumping from rock to rock down alongside the rapid until he reached the lower end. Derek, following, found him tearing off his clothes. He was on the very point of jumping in when Kespi arrived and caught Tod by the arm. "You wait," he ordered, with unusual sharpness.

"What's the matter?" demanded Tod. "I think you look in water first."

Kespi had a piece of meat in his hand. He dropped it in and waited. Next instant the surface boiled as a great shoal of fish dashed upon the meat, snapping at it savagely with their long, sharp, pike-like teeth. Tod went white under his tan.

"Piranha!" he said hoarsely.

"Piranha!" Kespi repeated. "I no think you swim in this river."

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"O.K." said Dad: "good for you, John—it must be the Grape-Nuts that's making you so bright."

"Give us another, Dad," pleaded little Peter. "make it harder and then I shall have a chance." They all laughed at this, although they knew what he really meant. "All right, Sonny, listen to this. One half of the word is a vegetable (that's a big word, but you wanted it hard, and know), the other half a girl's name, and the whole word a country. Again you could hear the cheerful scurrying, and Dad seized the opportunity to snatch a glance at his newspaper. Presently a gleam came into John's bright eyes. "I know it, Dad—Can, Ada, Canada!"

"That's right, old dear, the country where 'Grape-Nuts' comes from."

Dad jumped up. "Well, I must catch my train. By the way John, how did you get on in the house match yesterday?"

"Oh, quite decently, Dad. I scored two tries. The house-master says I've got plenty of stamina. What does that mean exactly?"

**John scores a try**

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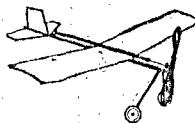
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#### RECIPE.

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.' Flat  
teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 26, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

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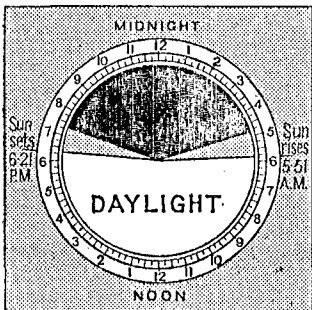
## THE BRAN TUB

### About a Horse

A HORSE moves more than thirty inches and less than fifty inches at each step. It takes an exact number of steps in walking 259 inches, and an exact number in walking 407 inches.

What is the length of its step?  
Answer next week

### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

### What Country Is This?

In the trench but not in the moat,  
In the ship but not in the boat,  
In the salt but not in the brine,  
In the tomb but not in the shrine,  
In the string but not in the rope,  
In the wish but not in the hope,  
In the charge but not in the fee,  
A republic on the Baltic Sea.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



La main Le héron Le mouchoir  
Il s'est blessé à la main gauche.  
Le héron mange des grenouilles.  
Ce mouchoir est plié en quatre.

### Robin's Home

ROBINS are now beginning to build their nests.

The most extraordinary situations are chosen, but no home is more acceptable than an old kettle in a hedge. Sometimes the nest is in a hole in a bank or a wall, or we may find it in a flower-pot in the garden. Nobody wishes to disturb poor Cock Robin, and his only enemy is the cat.

The nest is made of leaves, grass, roots, and moss, and is lined with hair.

### The Spinning Egg

HERE is a curious little trick with an unboiled egg.

Place the egg on its side on a plate and then, with a sharp twist, set it spinning. When it has been spinning for a few moments bring the palm of your hand gently down

on the egg, and stop the movement. Lift your hand and in a second or two, much to your surprise, the egg starts to revolve once more.

The reason for this is that when you put your hand on the egg you only stop the movement of the shell. The liquid contents continue to swing round and this is sufficient to start the egg spinning.

### What's In a Name?

THE costermonger now pushes his barrow through the streets of London selling all sorts of things from bananas and oranges to roast chestnuts and hokey-pokey. He used to be the costard-monger, the man who sold costards, or apples.

### What Am I?

I'm long, I'm short, I'm crooked, straight,  
Sometimes I'm swift and sometimes slow;  
I'm strong, I'm weak, I'm small, I'm great,  
I'm sometimes high and sometimes low.  
Though I've no brains, I have a head,  
I can reflect, and have a mouth;  
Though dangerous when I leave my bed,  
My help is sought from North to South.  
With bulls and bears I do not rank;  
You'll always find me at the bank.

Answer next week

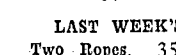
### Long Ago

**Walking-Sticks.** Until the end of the seventeenth century most gentlemen carried swords, and so did their serving-men. The footmen were a truculent class, and frequently quarrelled among themselves. This evil grew to such an extent that in 1701 serving-men were forbidden to carry swords. Instead they had staves with silver

knobs. About 1733 gentlemen began to follow in the footsteps of their servants and discarded their swords in favour of walking-sticks. The early kinds were of oak, and had large heads on which ugly or comic faces were carved.

### Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Neptune are in the South-East, Venus is in the South-West, and Mercury is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Wednesday, March 30.



### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**Two Ropes.** 35 yards and 30 yards. (Cut off 5 yards, weighing 20 lb. of the first rope. It is then the same length as the second and weighs 30 lb less, which, at the rate of 1 lb a yard, makes their lengths 30 yards.)

**Find These Words.** Fork, fortnight, forehead, ford, foreign, forest, forget, fortune, forge, forfeit.

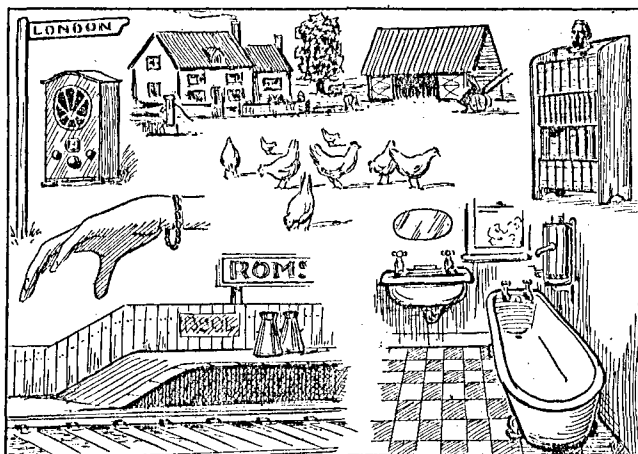
### What Am I? MILL.

The Bran Tub Puzzle. 512 ways. There are 2 ways from T, 4 ways from H, 8 ways from E, 16 ways from B, and so on

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



### A Diagonal Acrostic in Pictures



THESE pictures represent eight words of eight letters each. Write them one under another so that the diagonal letters reading down from left to right spell the name of a spring flower. Answer next week

## Dr MERRYMAN

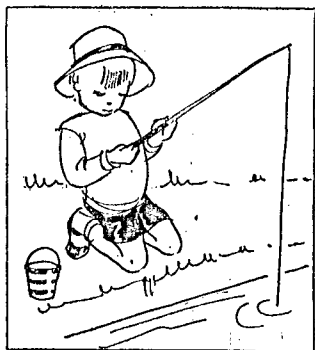
### Run Down

TEACHER: What are the silent watches of the night?  
Bright Boy: Those their owners forget to wind.

### The Helpful Telephone

THE spring-like days had made them think of gardening. "By the way," he said, "did you write to the nurseryman about the herbaceous border?" "No, dear," replied his wife. "I telephoned instead. I'd much sooner say herbaceous than spell it."

### Proof



I'm fishing for a mackerel, I'm fishing for a whale, I'm fishing for just anything To fill my little pail.  
At dinner-time I'll take it home To sizzle in the pan, Then everyone will know that I'm A proper fisherman.

### Heavy

THE boarder struggled manfully with his cake, but it lasted for a very long time. "Don't you like pound cake, Mr Jenkins?" asked the landlady. "Yes, I do," he replied. "But not ten-pound cake."

### A Great Likeness

BING: You do remind me of Bang.  
Bong: But I'm nothing like him.  
Bing: Rather! He, too, owes me five pounds.

### Good Advice

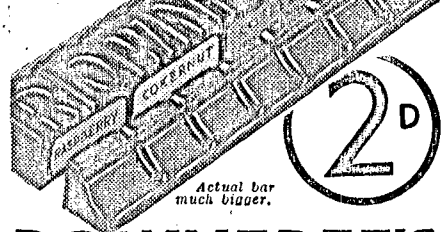
HE was undoubtedly fond of rich living. "I think I have gout," he said to the family doctor. "What can I do?" "Live on a small income and earn it," was the reply.

### Making It Last

SMITH: Do you say you have worn this hat two years?  
Jones: Yes. Twice I have had it cleaned and once I exchanged it in a restaurant.

## HARD or SOFT?

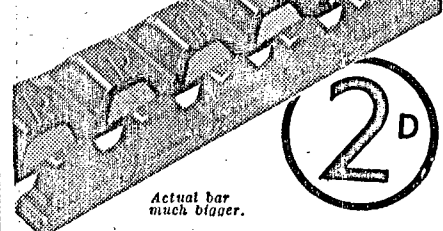
FOUR LOVELY CREAMS IN



ROWNTREE'S 4-CENTRE TABLET

OR

SIX DIFFERENT HARD CENTRES IN



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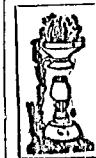
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## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

ALISON had been going to school for two terms, and she wanted a school blazer more than anything.

She already had a school hat, of which she had been very proud at first, but now she felt she would never be really happy till she had one of the green blazers, with the school crest embroidered on the pocket.

"The others all look so nice, Mummy," she said.

"But I think you're too small for a blazer," replied her mother, smiling.

"But Vera has one," cried Alison, "and they make them small for my size, Mummy. And they've got three lovely pockets!"

"Well," said her mother, "you have that nice blue

jersey to wear. I can't buy you a blazer until that's worn out, at any rate."

So Alison had to content herself with wishing that the



"Quick!" cried Mummy

jersey would wear out. It was a good jersey, and it seemed to her to be lasting longer than anything she had ever worn. She thought how

lucky the other girls were who hadn't got jerseys to wear out before they had blazers.

One day she was sitting at the dining-room table doing her home lessons when the cat suddenly jumped on to the table all among her books, and upset the inkpot.

"Oh, look what Dick's done!" cried Alison, as a stream of ink spread across the polished table.

"Quick!" cried Mummy; "don't let it run down on to the carpet."

Alison seized her blotting-paper and caught the ink as it was running to the edge of the table. Between them she and her mother soaked it up and wiped the table. But Alison's hands were covered

## THE SCHOOL BLAZER

with ink, and as she went off to wash them she looked down at her jersey, and saw a long, black stain right across the front where she had pressed against the table.

"Oh, Mummy!" she cried again. "Do look at my jersey. I've ink on that too."

"Dear, dear!" said her mother. "Well, that's quite ruined. However, that's better than getting it on my new carpet."

"But I can't wear it now," said Alison.

"No, you can't," said Mummy, and she smiled. "I suppose I shall have to get you that school blazer."

Alison clapped her hands with delight. "Hooray!" she cried. "Oh, I am glad Dick knocked the ink over!"